Highlights of U. S. History

12/8/1963

By DOROTHY CLARK

Most of the large county atlas volumes published in 1916 contained the plat maps of the villages, cities and townships within the counties, a patron's directory and a few illustrations. In the back section could be found a "chronological account of the important events in ancient, medieval and modern history of all the countries of the world from the year 4004 B.C., through the Biblical account of the creation up to the publishing date of 1916.

The highlights of important events in the United States were given for each year from 1765 to 1916.

DOROTHY J. CLARK

Beginning with 1803, 160 years ago, with the first manufacture of pianos in Boston, I jotted down some of the more interesting events in American historical progress.

1804 — Aaron Burr killed Alexander Hamilton in a duel; Lewis and Clark's expedition started across the Plains, and Ft. Dearborn, the present site of Chicago, was built.

1805—Ice first became an article of commerce. England was seizing armed American vessels. This dominated the news for a few years.

1807—Eli Terry manufactured the first wooden clock.

1808—This year saw the abolition of the slave trade, and the first printing office west of the Mississippi at St. Louis.

1810—The first manufacture of steel pens began (no more quills!).

1811 — Gen. Harrison defeated Tecumseh at the Battle of Tippecanoe; the great earthquake occurred at New Madrid, Mo., and breech-loading rifles were invented.

From 1812 when war with Great Britain was declared until 1815 when Gen. Jackson defeated the British at the Battle of New Orleans, war news took precedence over all other events.

1816 was known as the year without a summer. Indiana was admitted as a state. The next year Illinois joined the union, the Erie Canal was commenced, and pensions were granted to the soldiers of the Revolutionary War.

1819—The first steamboat packet SAVANNAH crossed the Atlantic and docked at Liverpool. The first permanent Odd Fellows Lodge was founded in Baltimore on April 26.

1820—Florida was sold to the U. S. by Spain for five million dollars; percussion caps for guns were first introduced, and Daniel Boone died.

1821—Straw hats were first made of American straw.

1822 — There was a war with Cuban pirates, and gas was first successfully introduced in Boston.

1823—The first teachers' seminary was opened in Concord, Vermont.

1824—Lafayette arrived for a visit to the U. S. Pins were first made by machinery.

1825—The Capitol building at Washington was completed in time for the fiftieth anniversary of American Independence on July 4th, 1826. That same year the Erie Canal was opened on October 26.

1827—The first American railroad was built at Quincy, Mass., and was operated by horse power.

1828 — Sandpaper and emery were first made; the first locomotive from England arrived; and the B&O Railroad was commenced.

1829—The independence of Mexico was recognized. Pres. Jackson removed 700 officeholders.

1830 — On April 6th the Morman church was founded by Jos. Smith.

1831 — Guthrie discovered chloroform; and buttons were first made by machinery.

1832—This was the year of the Black Hawk War which caused several Indian tribes to be removed west of the Mississippi the next year.

1834—Lucifer matches were first made.

1836—The national debt was reported as "virtually paid." The Smithsonian Institute was founded with a bequest of $515,169 from James Smithson. Texas declared her independence, and Sam Colt invented the revolver.

1837—This was the year of the great financial crash and panic throughout the country.

1838 — Wilke's exploring expedition started to South Pole, while the Mormons had a war in Missouri.

1840—A year of intense political excitement with the log cabin campaign and election of William Henry Harrison as president. Goodyear invented vulcanized rubber; and the first steam fire engine was constructed by Ericsson.

1841—Noah Webster's dictionary was first published.

1842—The Bunker Hill Monument was completed.

1843—Congress voted $30,000 to aid Morse to establish telegraph lines.

1844—The MIDAS, first American steamboat, rounded the Cape of Good Hope.

1845—The Mexicans took offense when Congress annexed Texas and declared war on June 4; Elias Howe produced his first sewing machine; and the naval school at Annapolis was opened.

1846—Gun-cotton was invented while the Mexican War continued. Ether was first used as an anesthetic by a Dr. Jackson.

1857—Gen. Kearney declared California a part of the U. S. just before gold was discovered in March, 1948; Zachary Taylor, (hero of our local battle of Fort Harrison) was elected president.

1849—Mason and Dixon's line was surveyed.

1850—Uncle Tom's Cabin was first published, and Jenny Lind visited America in September.

1951—This year saw two events which could or could not be connected. Many persons reported seeing a great sea serpent; and the first asylum for idiots was established in New York.

1852—Henry Clay and Daniel Webster died. A branch mint was established in San Francisco.

1853—A good year for treaties—one with Mexico for the purchase of Arizona, and another with Russia.

1854—The first railway from Lake Michigan to Mississippi, the Rock Island, was finished.

1855—The great emigration to Kansas began and hostilities started between the Free ad Slave State settlers.

1856—The Republican Party was formed. Sorghum or Chinese sugar cane was introduced. A loom for weaving Axminister carpets was first patented.

1857—During this year a great religious revival occurred throughout the country. Alden secured a patent for condensed milk. The first attempt to lay the Atlantic Cable was finally successful because the next year the first message was sent across from Queen Victoria to the President on Aug. 16, 1858. The exciting campaign of Lincoln and Douglas was taking place in Illinois.

1859—Drake bored the first oil well at Titusville, Pa., and the dreaded potato bug appeared — two unrelated events, of course.

I'll continue from 1860 to 1916 in next Sunday's column.

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Community Affairs File

Clark, Dorothy J.

T.H. Trib. 12/15/63

Important Highlights of Our American History

Clark, Dorothy J.

12-15-1963

By DOROTHY J. CLARK

Last week I started the listing of highlights of important events in the United States from 1765 to 1916, the year that many of our local county atlas volumes were printed. In last week's column, I had reached the year 1860 when Abraham Lincoln was elected President on Nov. 6. Also that year South Carolina became the first state to secede from the union on Dec. 20.

The next year, 1861, six more states seceded: Mississippi on Jan. 9; Florida on Jan. 10; Alabama on Jan. 11; Georgia on Jan. 18; Louisiana on Jan. 26, and Texas on Feb. 1.

DOROTHY J. CLARK

The most important historical events during the next four years were directly connected with the Civil War and the eventual surrender of the Southern states.

1866 — The Fourteenth Amendment was the big news.

1867—On March 3, Alaska was purchased for $7,200,000.

1868—Gen. Grant, hero of the Civil War, was elected President.

1869 — This year brought the great Wall Street Panic on Sept. 24, known as Black Friday; and the Supreme Court decision that all Confederate currency was worthless.

1870 — Admiral Farragut and Gen. Robert E. Lee passed away.

1871—Yellowstone National Park was created, and on Oct. 8 the great Chicago fire destroyed 17,450 buildings worth about $196 million.

1872—Grant was re-elected President and an epidemic of epizootic spread throughout the U. S.

1873 — This year brought massacres, ship wrecks, financial panic and political scandals.

1874—Noted for the Woman's Temperance Crusade and the grasshopper raid in the northwest.

1875—Everyone was talking about the trial of Henry Ward Beecher for adultery, the great revivals under Moody and Sankey and the floods in Texas.

1876 — Was the year the Centennial Exhibition opened in Philadelphia. On July 2, General Custer and his command were massacred by Sioux Indians. This year was remembered also because of the dastardly attempt to rob the grave of President Lincoln.

1877—This year brought the close of the Indian war. It also saw a positive mania for blue glass ware.

1878—By the end of this year, gold sold at par for the first time since 1862.

1879 — An "exodus" of Negroes from the South to the West was noted.

1880—This year went down in history as one of tornadoes and forest fires. Garfield and Arthur were nominated by the Republican Convention at Chicago; Hancock and English by the Democrats at Cincinnati.

1881—On June 20, great comets were first seen which many people believed foretold the tragedy of Garfield's assassination.

1882—The Senate passed an Anti-Polygamy Bill.

1883—The great Ohio River flood left 50,000 people homeless. On Oct. 1, the two-cent letter postage went into effect.

1884—The cornerstone of Bartholdi's Statue of Liberty was laid.

1885—On Feb. 21 the Washington Monument, the tallest structure known (at least up to 1916), 555 feet high, was dedicated.

1886—The Senate passed the Oleomargarine Bill and President Cleveland was married.

1887—At Chicago, the anarchists Parsons, Spies, Engel and Fischer were hung.

1888—Railroad strikes and labor troubles filled the news.

1889—On Jan. 1, it became legal in New York to execute murders by electricity and the first electrocution occurred on Aug. 6 at Auburn, N. Y. The man who had the dubious distinction of being thus executed was Wm. Kemmler. The famous Johnstown Flood also occurred this year causing twenty million dollars property loss and killing five to ten thousand people.

1890—The flu epidemic almost pushed the planning for the World's Columbian Exposition at Chicago off the front page.

1891—This was a very busy year. The Sioux Indian War ended. The Copyright Bill passed by Congress and became law on March 4. The enlistment of Indians in the U. S. Army was authorized. At the twenty-fifth anniversary of the founding of GAR, a statue of Abraham Lincoln was unveiled in Lincoln Park in Chicago as well as the equestrian statue of Gen. Grant. The Shoshone and Arapahoe Indians sold one million acres of land to the government for 55 cents an acre.

1892 — Benjamin Harrison and Whitelaw Reid were nominated by the Republicans. The Democrats nominated Grover Cleveland and Adlai Stevenson. On Aug. 31, Nancy Hanks again broke the trotting record of 2:05¼. Nelson beat the stallion record at 2:13¾. On Sept. 28, Nancy Hanks ran 2:04. On Nov. 23 Stamboul lowered the stallion record to 2:07½.

1893—Chicago Day at the Worlds' Fair broke the attendance record on Oct. 9, 716,881 persons attended. The Fair closed Oct. 30.

1894 — Coxey's army invaded Washington, D. C. Coal miners and railroad workers were on strike.

1896 — McKinley was elected President and Washington became the forty-fifth state.

1897—Klondike gold was discovered July 15.

1989—The U. S. Battleship Maine was blown up in Havana Harbor on Feb. 15 and the Spanish-American War was on.

1899—War in the Philipines was begun for suppression of Aguinaldo.

1900—The city of Galveston, Texas, was destroyed by hurricane.

1901—Pres. McKinley was inaugurated and assassinated this year.

1902—The great anthracite coal strike began.

1903—On Feb. 16, the U. S. bought the Panama Canal property.

1904—Teddy Roosevelt was elected president.

1905—A wireless message was sent from Kansas City to Cleveland.

1906 — The famous San Francisco fire and earthquake occurred.

1907—Another great financial depression was felt in October.

1908 — Taft was elected President.

1909 — Commodore Peary discoverered the North Pole.

1912—Woodrow Wilson was elected President.

1914—The Marines landed on Vera Cruz, Mexico, on April 21.

1915 — The steamer Eastland sank in the Chicago harbor in July killing 871 persons.

This brings us to 1916, the year the county atlas was printed in which I found all the above historical data. Some ambitious soul should try to set down the highlights of important historical events from 1916 to the present time. It's difficult to choose one or two only from the many famous firsts that have happened in the last decade.

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Clark, Dorothy J. T-STAR 2-2-69

Maple Sugar Manufacture Can Be a Simple Process

By DOROTHY J. CLARK

The total consumption of maple sugar in the United States for 1868 was estimated to have been 23,000 tons. Those in the know suggested that this amount could have been quadrupled, as not more than one-third the trees were tapped that could have been, and of those tapped the yield, with proper management, could have been doubled.

According to one expert of 1868, "anyone who has 25 trees and does not tap them misses one of the purest and most delicious sweets that we enjoy; but perhaps you say that it will not pay to fuss with that number. Let us see. Twenty-five tin buckets, at 35 cents, would be $8.75—all the outlay that would be necessary, as every farmer has a kettle that would evaporate the sap from that number. If he makes but two pounds to the tree he gets more than the original outlay for buckets, and is prepared for the next season, with no expense, except time, and it is at a season that he can do nothing that will pay better."

The manufacture of maple sugar is very simple. In 1868 it was customary to put up forks in the woods on which to hang kettles, draw a log up on each side, gather up brush-wood as needed for fuel. If the sugar bush is small and wood plentiful this will perhaps do, although you cannot make as good quality sugar as though evaporated in a pan. The distance of the woods from the house determined where the boiling would take place.

Dorothy Clark

Other equipment needed in those days (and the method is little different 100 years later) was a wooden gathering tank, a storing tank, and a sled or wagon. Many believed that kettles were poor boilers, wasted fuel and made a darker colored sugar than pans. Tin buckets were believed better than wooden buckets as they did not sour and were easier to clean.

The proper time to tap is as soon as sap runs, which is usually between January 20 and March 1 but can vary several weeks each way. The trees should be tapped on the south or east side, and run best when freezing nights and bright days alternate, and the thermometer ranges from 36 to 50 degrees during the day.

Some cut a chisel or ax, some bore with an inch auger, and some prefer using a bit. A quarter-inch hole will run just as fast as an inch hole. Wooden spouts of pine or elder are most desirable, sharpened with a uniform taper, and very blunt, so as to drive only through the bark, as most of the sap flows in the grains nearest the bark, and decreases toward the heart.

A tree that contains 100 cubic feet of wood contains about 50 cubic feet of sap, not a 20th part of which is drawn in the season. A hundred trees will usually make from three to five hundred weight of sugar. Trees standing in the open, with large, bushy tops and short trunks, yield the most and best sap.

Like Strained Honey

One pail full of sap will usually make about one-half pound of sugar, some more and some less. The sap must be gathered every day, and never allowed to stand more than one day.

The syrup should be boiled down so that it will drop from the edge of a dipper in broad flakes, like strained honey, when it is ready to dip out; Strain into a clean cask, and let stand 24 hours to settle; then turn it off carefully from the settlings into the sugaring-off kettle; then to each gallon of syrup add one egg, well beaten; place over a slow fire, and as soon as it boils up remove it from the fire, and skim thoroughly.

propagated, and is perhaps to store keepers. Contrasted with present day prices for much smaller cakes, the 1868 patties were certainly a bargain.

A century ago one maple sugar expert gave this advice: "The maple is easily indigenous to our whole state; and if any one has none, all that is necessary is to procure a supply of the seed and plant them in the fall, in drills a foot apart, covering a half inch with soil, and mulching during the winter with leaves or straw. In the spring remove the mulch and keep weeds out. Transplant at three years old." Readers who enjoy winter sports might try maple sugaring!

The sugaring - off process boils the remainder of the water from the syrup. One of the ways to determine whether the sugar is done is to dip a wire loop into the sugar and blow through it. If the sugar mixture ribbons out five or six feet it is done. Remove from the fire, and if common sugar is desired, stir until cold; if cakes are preferred, stir a few minutes and dip into dishes or patty pans.

Patty maple sugar weighed two ounces each in 1868 and sold for four dollars a hundred!

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Newspapers

CLARK, Dorothy J. T-STAR 5/18/69 p 4

Old-Fashioned Spring Fever Hits Columnist

By DOROTHY J. CLARK

One morning last week I drove through town just as our city was coming alive. Its pulse quickened as I drove along. Cliff dwelling students were streaming out of their tall dorms toward classrooms blocks away.

Workers who serve our wheels of commerce were riding buses, but more were driving cars to their many places of employment. Even as I crossed Wabash Avenue, clerks were checking inventories, baiting customers and selling merchandise.

Feeling very philosophical I thought of all those people designing, shoveling, riveting and building more tall buildings. And then there are those who are auditing, packing, shipping and consumating deals, performing the billion and one chores that keep us toiling in this overwhelming jungle until we are pensioned off to collect social security for a few years before they tumble us permanently into the ground with a few brief obsequies.

Dorothy Clark

Shaking my head in self-reproach, I wondered why the cynical philosophy on this bright, cool, fresh-scented morning. And I hadn't even read the newspaper yet or listened to the early news on car radio, an unfailing cause for pessimism, always confirming those appalling follies of which mankind is capable.

And then I reasoned that perhaps I had Spring Fever, and was reminded of the little poem:

Unless this feeling that I feel
So deeply is a gay deceiver,
I am afflicted with a real
Old-fashioned case of vernal fever.

The pagan festival of spring worship is held in countries all over the world. This is the sort of religion one can appreciate, the spontaneous expression of the eternal hope of mankind of immortality by rebirth.

Had you ever thought that those things which stay green all winter, the pine trees and mosses and the ivies, are accepted by us without question or interest, whereas we make a great fuss of those plants and flowers which betray us in the winter months?

Spring Fever brings to mind a curious custom of 200 years ago. I read somewhere of how a young girl might try to determine whether or not she would marry her present sweetheart in the spring.

It seems the young woman would get five bay leaves and pin them on the four corners and the center of her pillow before going to bed at night. If she dreamed of her sweetheart, it was supposed to be a sign that they would be married before the year was out.

To make it more sure, she would boil an egg hard, take out the yoke and fill the cavity with salt. When she went to bed she would eat the egg, shell and all, without speaking or drinking after it. If this thirsty young woman survived the night she deserved to dream of King Kong, no less!

There were other ways to determine true love. One custom told of writing names of sweethearts on bits of paper, rolling them up in clay, and dropping them into water. The first to float to the top was supposed to be the real Mr. Right.

Older women get the urge to do spring house cleaning as well as get Spring Fever, and the trick is not to have both ailments at the same time.

The prudent housewife of early days, in making her soap in the genial springtime, always stirred it "widdershins" that is, from east to west, with the course of the sun. To stir the reverse of this was to destroy all the cleansing qualities of the soap. I wonder if the makers of Tide realize this?

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Fire Fighting Equipment Holds Historic Value

Clarks, Dorothy

T.H. Trib - Star 8/31/69

By DOROTHY CLARK

Last week this column dealt with the volunteer fire laddies and their distinctive fire helmets. There are still many more items of those early days, used by the volunteers and now preserved in museums, that can be observed and studied by present day "fire buffs."

There were many different types of fire axes used to chop through roofing and plaster so the water could reach the blaze. Sections of leather fire hose as well as canvas hose that was painted or varnished are still to be found.

Flambeaux or tin containers packed with tallow topped by bunched waxed wicks were lighted and carried by hand to guide engines and hose reels along dark streets to nocturnal fires. Someone once used to light the way for the firemen during these missions in the dead of night, running along in front of the hand-drawn equipment.

Tar pots are still in existence which once swung from axles of handdrawn machines. Engine lamps were of silver-plated brass and very ornate.

Dorothy Clark

Items which are never carried by present-day firemen include bed-keys which firemen used to unlock rope beds to save these articles of furniture in days when their sections were locked by bolts, and fire salvage bags, used them to carry valuables from the burning buildings.

Householders usually kept hand ratchets, rattles of wood, which made a distinctive noise, providing an alarm for fire. Since these were usually whittled out by the man of the house, they are all different and there are many to be seen in today's museums.

The clay pipes and hose nozzles used on the old hand pumpers and hose carts are now museum items, as are the black leather belts common after 1800, and useful for carrying axes and spanners and other handy implements used by the firemen. These belts and ornate buckles were also ornamental. In 1850 the New York firemen wore bright red shirts and black patent leather belts.

The leather bucket, sometimes reinforced with an iron rim, formed the first line of defense against early fires. As early as 1686 in New York City, "every person having two chimneys to his house must provide one bucket."

Old-time bucket brigades usually consisted of two lines: one line passed the water-filled buckets while the other returned "empties" to the cistern, or other source of water supply. It was not unusual in many communities to see women and children take an active part in bucket brigades.

Our local Historical Museum has such a leather fire bucket on display. It was originally owned by former Mayor F. A. Ross. There is also a wooden sweat stick used on local fire horses on display in the same exhibit case.

Horse-drawn steamers began to appear in the 1870's, replacing the hand-drawn engines. With rise of the paid fire department system, horses supplanted manpower. And, of course, in the 20th century horses bowed to motor drawn fire apparatus.

Fire horses received special training and seemed human at times. They sensed when an alarm bell was for them; they knew precisely what was expected of them when the fireman on watch duty hollered, "Get out!" They would trot right smartly to their assigned places under harness that was suspended from the ceiling; to fasten their special collars took but a second. The most touching and spectacular phases of the volunteer firemen seemed to live on in those magnificent horses.

Brass speaking trumpets or horns were usually a gift from the fire laddies to a well-respected officer of their company. On parade, the recipient of a silver horn carried it as a receptacle for a huge bouquet of flowers. The presentation horns were fine examples of the engraving art. It is said that on convivial evenings the parade horn served as a drinking cup for a round table salute to a guest, although many companies observed strict temperance rules. Today, an electronic addressing system, or a bull horn, is used.

Many tales have been written about the keen affection felt by the volunteer firemen of yesteryear for their engines. Perhaps the explanation lies in the fact that the engine itself offered a common concern and pride which held the company members together as a ship holds together the members of its crew.

The "masheen" provided experiences that drew together from every walk of life. Even when the coming of the "steamer" was inevitable, the old volunteer firemen clung desperately to the hand pumper.

Steam fire engines were introduced in the late 1850's enabling American firemen to utilize stea minstead of muscle power. By the 1880's horse-drawn steamers had replaced hand-drawn types. They had colorful names, such as "Red Rover" — "Rooster" —"Bean Soup" and "Hayseed."

The coming of the steam pumper meant a period of transition for firemen. The telegraphic invention of Samuel F. B. Morse presaged the introduction of electrical alarm systems, replacing the use of rattles and the cry of "Fire!" in order to alert the volunteers. Church bells were also traditional alarms in many communities, and later fire bells on top the fire houses.

The modern fireman and his up-to-date equipment are certainly more efficient, but the steamer cannot be surpassed for glamour and excitement as many of our senior citizens can remember.

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CLARK, Dorothy J.

Rectangular System Takes Place of Metes, Bounds

Trib-Star 10/2 6/49

By DOROTHY J. CLARK

Up to the time of the Revolutionary War, or until about the beginning of the present century, land, when parcelled out and sold or granted, was described by "metes and bounds," and that system is still in existence in the following states or in those portions of them which had been sold or granted when the present plan of surveys was adopted, viz: New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, North and South Carolina, Georgia, Tennessee, Kentucky, Texas and the six New England States.

To describe land by "Metes and Bounds" is to have a known landmark for a place of beginning and then follow a line according to the compass needle (or magnetic bearing) or the course of a stream, or track of an ancient highway.

Dorothy Clark

This plan has resulted in endless confusion and litigation, as landmarks decay and change, and it is a well-known fact that the compass needle varies and does not always point due north.

As an example of this plan of dividing lands, the following description of a farm laid out by "Metes and Bounds," is given: "Beginning at a stone on the Bank of Doe River, at a point where the highway from A to B crosses said river at point C, thence 40 degrees north of West 100 rods to a large stump; thence 10 degrees north of west 90 rods; thence 15 degrees west of north 80 rods to an oak tree; thence due east 150 rods to the highway; thence following the course of the highway 50 rods due north; thence 5 degrees north of east 90 rods; thence 45 degrees east of south 60 rods; thence 10 degrees north of east 200 rods to the Doe River; thence following the course of the river southwesterly to the place of beginning." This, which is a very simple and moderate description by "Metes and Bounds" could very well outline the boundaries of an imaginary farm of earlier days.

The present system of Governmental Land Surveys was adopted by Congress on the 7th of May, 1785. It has been in use ever since and is the legal method of describing and dividing land.

Range Lines Defined

It is called the "Rectangular System," that is, all its distances and bearings are measured from two lines which are at right angles to each other. These two lines, from which the measurements are made, are the Principal Meridians which run north and south and the base lines which run east and west. These principal meridians are established with great accuracy.

Commencing at the Principal Meridian, at intervals of six miles, lines are run north and south parallel to the Meridian. These lines are termed "range lines."

Lines running east and west divide the land into strips or divisions six miles wide. These lines are called "Township Lines."

These township and range lines, crossing each other, form squares, which are called "townships" or "government townships," which are six miles square, or as nearly that as it is possible to make them. These townships are a very important feature in locating or describing a piece of land, as they are the largest subdivisions of land run out by the United States Surveyors.

After the township corners have been carefully located, the Section and Quarter Section corners are established. Each township is six miles square and contains 23,040 acres, or 36 square miles, as near as it is possigle to make them.

This, however, is frequently made impossible by the presence of lakes and large streams, by State boundaries not falling exactly on Township lines. by the convergence of Meridians or curvature of the earth's surface, and by inaccurate surveys.

Each township, unless one of the exceptional cases, is divided into 36 squares or Sections. These Sections are intended to be one mile, or 320 rods, square and contain 640 acres of land.

Sections are numbered consecutively from 1 to 36, beginning with Section 1 in the northeast corner of the Township, they run west to 6, then east to 12, then west to 18, and so on, back and forth, until they end with Section 36 in the southeast corner of the Township.

The "Illustrated Historical Atlas of the State of Indiana" was one of a number of state atlases published in the 1870s and 1880s. By the middle of the century new techniques for reproducing maps together with the low cost of paper [illegible] produc

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tion of county maps, especially in the Middle West.

The next step was to break up the county map into a series of township maps, add a few embellishments and produce a county atlas. The county atlases in turn formed the groundwork for a state atlas.

The Indiana Atlas, completed in the fall of 1876, was the work of a New Yorker, Alfred T. Andreas. It has recently been reproduced in part by the Indiana Historical Society and distributed to its members. A copy can be seen at the Historical Museum.

Vigo County atlases were published in 1874, 1895 and 1907. Many people interested in locating their ancestors can find their farms outlined on a Township map in one of the old atlases. Tiny drawings showed the farmhouse and outbuildings, the orchards, burying grounds, schoolhouses and churches.

The engravings of old time buildings and long dead pioneers are preserved in these old volumes, one of the best sources of local and state history.

CLARK, Dorothy J.

Much Change Seen During The Past Forty-two Years

T-STAR 7/19/70

By DOROTHY J. CLARK

When the publication "Mechanics Illustrated" celebrated its 40th anniversary in November, 1968, they researched what the world was like in the year 1928. I'm sure many of my readers can remember that year, but might like to be reminded of the changes that have taken place.

Forty-two years ago the world was without television, computers, radar, automatic transmissions, lasers, nuclear power, jet engines, quasars, antibiotics, nylon, artificial kidneys, molecular biology, color movies, transistors, power steering and contact lenses.

Gold sold for $20.67 an ounce, and the world was without frozen dinners, aerosol spraycans, tubeless tires, plastic jugs, bikinis, blue eye shadow, rotary mowers, pre-sliced bakery bread, credit cards, plastic bags and many other articles we think we can not live without today.

They found that "in 1928 we were all young, it seems now, and the world was full of a number of things. What sort of a world was it? Well, it was a world of Coolidge prosperity. The stock market zoomed upward; on some days a million shares changed hands . . . dollar bills were 20 per cent larger in size than today's and went further. Gasoline cost 14 cents a gallon, first-class postage was 2 cents an ounce. Direct-to-you tailors sold men's suits for $9.95. Lunch at Joe's place next door cost 35 cents if you took soup and dessert. There was a federal income tax but it didn't affect the likes of us. The grocery bill of a family of five who lived pretty high on the hog averaged $60 a month. Most families had ice boxes but a few well-heeled ones boought new-fangled electric refrigerators. Thousands of home furnaces were fueled with coal."

"In November, 1828, Hoover was elected President. King George V of England was thought to be dying from a lung infection . . . a bad time to suffer an infection. It was to be another year before Alexander Fleming discovered penicillin, and another dozen years before it became a drug.

Dorothy Clark

"Sports was big business. The second Tunney-Dempsey fight in Philadelphia drew a gate of more than $2 million. . . . The New York Yankees under Miller Huggins won the World Series, as they had the year before. Babe Ruth failed to outdo his 1927 record of 60 home runs.

"Golf was dominated by Bobby Jones, who for the sixth successive year won either the amateur or open championship and was accounted the greatest of all time . . . Bill Tilden was preeminent but fading in tennis. Helen Wills captured the U. S., British and French women's tennis championships. Gar Wood drove a power boat at 93.123 mph. Knute Rockne died in the crash of a Fokker monoplane in Kansas and the entire football world mourned.

Youth Dooming World

"Marathon dances drew big crowds to auditoriums to watch couples stagger on their feet day after day after day until the last survivors won a prize. Shipwreck Kelly sat on a pole for 23 days and 7 hours, a record that still stands.

"Society was changing, too . . . Girls dared to smoke in public and to wear skirtless one-piece bathing suits. And the shameless cheek-to-cheek dancing! Most of the elders despaired over the younger generation that was dooming the country to the fate of orgiastic Rome.

"Saxophones dominated dance bands. People hummed 'My Time Is Your Time' and other tunes crooned through a megaphone by Rudy Vallee at $10,000 a week. It was a low-fi era of 78 rpm records played on hand-cranked phonographs. Hit songs of the day were 'My Blue Heaven,' 'I'm Looking Over a Four-Leaf Clover,' 'Baby Face,' 'Louise' (popularized by young Maurice Chevalier) and Showboat tunes, 'Bill,' 'Old Man River,' 'Why Do I Love You,' to mention a few that have endured.

"Talking pictures—Jolson's 'Mammy' and John Barrymore's 'Sea Beast' — were novelties that some enthusiasts thought would put the silents out of business. Theater musicians were confident that audiences would never put up with canned music . . . All movies were black-and-white but Eastman Kodak was working on a process for tinting entire scenes in solid color.

"Radio kept a lot of people up nights on the chance of hearing something, anything from Havana or Canada . . . Sports, news and entertainment habits were revolutionized. Some 40 million people heard the second Tunney-Dempsey fight. Boake Carter. H. V. Kaltenborn, Floyd Gibbons and Lowell Thomas came on with the news. For music there was Ben Bernie (the Old Maestro, yowsah!), Wayne King, hotel bands, the A & P Gypsies and Clicquot Club Eskimos. Broadcasting studios were hung with heavy draperies to dull echoes. The word Electronics did not get into dictionaries until years later.

"In 1928 the country was more than ever on wheels, with a fantastic 23 million motor cars in use. Two out of three families had a car. Ford finally unveiled the long-awaited Model A, to face competition from a newborn car-Plymouth, which invited customers to look at all three. Outside of cities, not many roads were paved. There were no freeways, throughways or turnpikes. Gravel and gumbo were the rule. The usual village speed limit was 15 mph and all highways seemed to pass through villages."

Despite the fact that the year 2012 is only 42 years away—as far ahead as 1928 is in the past—it will be a world as strange to us as our time (1970) would be to the pilgrims.

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Dorothy J. Clark T.H. TRIB-STAR

Early Balloon Journey Recorded By Aeronauts

8-16-10

By DOROTHY J. CLARK

On the evening of July 1, 1859, the baloon "Atlantic" ascended from St. Louis, Mo., with Prof. John Wise of Lancaster, Pa.; John La Mountain of Troy, N.Y.; O. A. Gager of Bennington, Vt., and William Hyde, with the intention, if possible, of reaching the Atlantic coast. During the night they passed over the states of Illinois, Indiana and Ohio, and the next forenoon ,obliquely, over Lake Erie, passing between Buffalo and Niagara Falls. When over Lake Ontario they were caught in a hurricane. Their ballast was nearly exhausted, and they were swept along near the surface of the waves, in the greatest peril, until at length the shore appeared. The following was copied from the account written by Mr. Wise:

"At 7:20 p.m. we set sail from the Washington Square of St. Louis, and our course at starting was north of east. At 8:30 p.m. the shades of evening shut from our view the noble city of St. Louis, and the Father of Waters, though it continued light until after 9 o'clock. Before I went to sleep we had mounted to a height at which the balloon became completely distended, and where we found the current due east.

Mr. La Mountain proposed to take the lower current, as long as it would take us but a few points north of east, and I told him to do as he deemed best, reckoning in and report his the morning. After bidding the party in the boat goodnight, I coiled myself up in the blankets, and laid down as best I could, and in a few minutes was sound asleep . . . until 11:30 p.m.

DOROTHY J. CLARK

At this time La Mountain again mounted for the upper current, being desirous of making a little more easting; he hailed me to open the valve, as the balloon had become so tense, and the gas was rushing from the neck with a noise; but receiving no answer from me he suspected that I was being smothered in the gas, and he admonished Mr. Gager to mount to my car by a rope provided for that purpose, and Mr. Gager found me breathing spasmodically; but a good shaking, and the removal of the neck of the baloon from my face, brought me back to a knowledge of what was going on, and I resolved not to sleep more during the night.

The whole dome of heaven was lit up with a mellow, phosphorescent light, the stars shone with crystalline brilliancy, and the milky way looked like an illuminated stratum of cumulus clouds. Whenever we crossed water the heaven-lit dome was as visible below by reflection as above. At 3 a.m. Saturday, we came to a general conclusion that we were somewhat over the State of Indiana or Ohio. At 4 a.m. we passed a city, but could not make it out. At 5 a.m. we discovered Lake Erie ahead of us. At 6 a.m. we passed Toledo, and about an hour afterwards we lowered on the margin of the lake, a little north of Sandusky. After a few moments' consultation and review of our ballast, we determined to risk the length of Lake Erie.

Just as we emerged upon the lake a little steam screw, that was propelling up a river or bay, headed for our track, and someone on board of her quaintly called to us, "That is the Lake ahead of you." La Mountain cried back, "Is it Lake Erie?" and the answer was, "Yes, it is,

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Dorothy Clark

Continued From Page 4.

you had better look out."

We mounted up until the balloon was filled, and the barometer fell to 23 degrees. La Mountain suggested that we could make the city of Buffalo by sailing but a few hundred feet above the lake, and I accordingly opened the valve until we gradually sank to within five hundred feet of the water. This was the most interesting part of our voyage. We overtook seven steamboats, passed mutual salutations, and would soon leave them flitting in our rear. At twenty minutes past 10 a m we were skirting along the Canada shore, and passed near the mouth of the Welland canal, and I soon began to mount for a more easterly current, so as to take Buffalo in our track; but we circled up into it between Buffalo and Niagara Falls, crossing Grand Island, leaving Buffalo to the right . . . Finding ourselves in New York, but too far north to make the city of New York, it was agreed that we would make a landing near Rochester, detach the boat, leave Mr. Gager and Mr. Hyde, and Mr. La Mountain and myself would pursue the voyage to a point at Boston or Portland. Accordingly we descended gradually, but before we got within a thousand feet of the earth we found a most terrific gale sweeping along below. The woods roared like a host of Niagaras, the surface of the earth was filled with clouds of dust, and I told my friends certain destruction awaited us if we should touch the earth in that tornado.

Foaming Ontario

The huge "Atlantic" was making a terrific swoop earthward; already were we near the tops of the trees of a tall forest, and I cried out excitedly, "for God's sake, heave overboard anything you can lay your hands on," and in a moment he replied "all right," standing on the side of the boat with a shaft and wheels, intended for the working of the fan-wheels, and ready to heave it over, should it become necessary. We were fast running on to Lake Ontario ; and oh, how terribly it was foaming, moaning, and howling!" . . .

Our carpet bags, our instruments, the express-bag, our provisions, were all ready to go, and go they did, one after another, until we were reduced to the express bag, and that went overboard at last. We were swooping at a fearful rate upon the turbulent water, and, in another moment, crash went the boat upon the water sidewise, staving in two of the planks, and giving our whole craft two fearful jerks by two succeeding waves. La Mountain threw over the last remaining ballast . . . in another moment we were up a few hundred feet again, and within fifteen miles of shore . . . we struck among some scattered trees, our hook, which was of inch and a quarter iron, breaking like a pipe-stem at the first catch of it on a tree, and we hurling through the tree-tops at a terrific rate . . . crashing and breaking down trees proved too much for the "Atlantic" and brought her suddenly down upon the top of a very tall tree, and collapsed her, leaving us dangling between heaven and earth in the most sorrowful - looking plight of machinery that can be imagined. None of us were seriously injured, the many cords, the strong hoop, and the close wicker work, saving us from harm. We landed upon the farm of T O. Whitney, in the town of Henderson, Jefferson County, New York.

The balloon "Atlantic," after making the remarkable trip from St. Louis to Henderson, was repaired, and exhibited for a time in Watertown, New York. August 11, 1859, Mr. La Mountain made an excursion alone from the public square in Watertown, and landed on a farm near Perch lake. There was much fault found with the acid used in making the gas, and the excursion was deemed a partial failure. A few days after he went up from Saratoga Springs, and landed a hundred miles away, in two hours from the time of starting.

He made another ascension with a newspaper reporter, which excited much interest, because the aeronauts were gone so long. Last seen over Antwerp, New York, at a great elevation, they did not return to Watertown for two weeks. They had descended wilderness 150 miles north of Ottawa, Canada, and after four days without food floating down stream on a raft, they found a lumbering station and men to help them.

With all the interest in space travel these days, this writer is very interested in hearing from those readers who have seen balloon ascensions in their earlier days. County fairs and all such gatherings had featured balloon ascensions as did circus troupes, carnivals, street fairs, etc. Those who have memories of balloon ascensions please contact the writer at 2032 North 8th street, or call 232-8705.

National Mint Established After Constitution Signed

Trib-Star 1-24-71

By DOROTHY J. CLARK

Nowadays, with some two billion new coins being turned out every year, we take the flourishing of the United States Mint as a matter of course. But it was not always so. Back in the 1970's, when the newly established mint was struggling for its existence, disgruntled congressmen were clamoring to have the mint abolished because of its "excessive" budget. In those days it annual budget amounted to less than its daily expenses today.

The establishment of a national mint had been foreshadowed in September, 1787, when the newly drawn constitution was at last submitted to the constitutional convention. One of the articles of this document provided that Congress was to have the exclusive power to coin money and to regulate its value. Another article dealt with a related point: it forbade the states to coin money or to emit bills of credit.

In 1789 an Englishman named John H. Mitchell offered to supply the United States with copper coinage in return for a commission amounting to 14 pence in the pound. Thomas Jefferson, who was Secretary of State at the time, came out strongly against the proposal. His chief objection seems to have been that the coins would be manufactured in a foreign country, and in the course of shipping to the United States they would be exposed to acts of piracy. The objection is not so fanciful as it sounds. In view of the enormous difficulties that American shipping was to experience at the hands of England and France during the next 25 years.

About a year later, on April 15, 1790, Congress requested the Secretary of the Treasury, Alexander Hamilton, to outline a plan for establishing a U.S. Mint. Hamilton prepared a thorough and well-reasoned report, recommending that the following coin denominations be issued: 1) A gold piece "Eagle" with the value and weight of ten units ("Dollars"). 2.) A gold piece (Dollar), one-tenth of the Eagle. 3.) A silver piece (Dollar). 4.) A silver piece ("Dime"), one-tenth of the weight and value of the Dollar. 5.) A copper piece ("Cent"), one-hundredth of the value of the Dollar. 6.) A copper piece half the value of the Cent.

DOROTHY J. CLARK

A short time after Hamilton's report, Congress passed a resolution on March 3, 1791, providing for the establishment of a National Mint, the hiring of all necessary personnel and the acquisition of essential equipment. The staff was to include a director, an assayer, a chief coiner, an engraver and a treasurer. The resolution became law when President Washington signed it on April 2, 1792.

In addition to the coins recommended by Hamilton, the law also specified the following coins: gold half Eagle ($5), gold quarter Eagle ($2.50), silver half Dollar, silver quarter Dollar, silver half "Disme" (half Dime).

The law also provided that on one side of each coin there was to be "an impression emblematical of Liberty, with an inscription of the word LIBERTY, and the year of coinage." On the reverse of the gold and silver coins there was to be "a figure or representation of an eagle, with the inscription UNITED STATES OF AMERICA." For the humble copper coins an inscription giving the denomination on the reverse was to be good enough.

David Rittenhouse, a distinguished scientist, was appointed first director of the Mint at a salary of $2,000. It is said that the first coins ever struck by the Mint were half dimes made from silver deposited by George Washington.

The operation of the Mint got under way very laboriously; delays were the order of the day. Every process was a novelty and had to be perfected by frustrating trial and error. Expert workmen hired in Europe sometimes failed to put in an appearance; or if they did arrive, often failed to live up to their reputation.

All the machinery had to be freshly designed. Even the tools for making the machinery had no prior models. This work was supervised by Henry Voigt, the first coiner. It took three years to complete three presses and supple-

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Dorothy Clark

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mentary equipment, at a cost of $2.000. This was a great sum at the time. The machinery was operated by horse power, and one of the presses was capable of turning out 10,000 cents a day.

The substantial expense involved in running the Mint came in for a lot of unfavorable comment, even though these expenses were inflated by the cost of assaying and refining bullion brought to the Mint.

The employees worked an 11-hour day, six days a week, for a weekly wage of $7.50. Steam power was not used in the Mint until 1836. Up to that time horse power was used for one operation that required extra power. This was the process of rolling out copper metal into sheets. The rolling was made possible by using gears attached to a turntable that was revolved by horse power. Originally oxen were used for the purpose, but they proved unsatisfactory.

As Philadelphia was regularly subject to a yellow fever epidemic in the summertime, it became necessary to close the Mint for three months every year. The morale of employees already at a low ebb, was still further lowered by periodic attempts in Congress to abolish the Mint altogether.

No gold or silver was coined in 1793, for an interesting reason. Congress had passed a law calling on the assayer and chief coiner to post bonds of $10,000 before being allowed to coin gold or silver. Some time passed before these restrictions were modified through the good offices of Thomas Jefferson.

In 1816 the affairs of the Mint took a turn for the better. It was provided with a large brick building to replace the old wooden structure. New and improved machinery replaced the old, worn equipment and the Mint was put on its feet.

Many collectors are concerned with only two fields of American coinage — gold coins and gold and silver commemorative coins. Gold was coined in the United States from 1792 until 1933 when a Presidential Order removed gold coins from circulation. Commemorative coins were issued in the United States from 1892 until 1954. Since that date none have been issued. These special coins are usually issued either to commemorate events or to help pay for monuments or celebrations that commemorate historical persons, places or events. The commemorative coins are offered in most instances by a commission in charge of the event to be commemorated, and sold at a price in advance of the face value of the piece.

Indians Taught Explorers To Appreciate Their Food

TERRE HAUTE TRIB. 9-26-71

By DOROTHY J. CLARK

The problems of eating for the early explorers of the North American continent were complicated by the need for getting along with the Indians. Father Marquette, the Jesuit priest responsible for exploring the northern part of the Mississippi River, was perfectly adjusted to sharing a diet of pemmican and sagamite with his Indian traveling companions. Pemmican is a mixture of dried meat and dried fruit held together with congealed fat. Sagamite is basically parched corn.

When the supplies ran low, the Indians turned to eating eelskins and a gluey black moss or lichen called "triple de roche." This turned Father Marquette's stomach for he had a Frenchman's appreciation of fine food.

Many times Father Marquette had difficulty with the hospitality he encountered along the way. As the guest of an Illinois tribe, he was honored by the special courtesy of being fed by one of the group. Bits of broiled fish and Buffalo fat were put in his mouth by the dirty fingers of his savage hosts. It took all the discipline of his order with the memories of its martyrs to enable him to carry on at those trying times.

When they brought on the roast dog, freshly slaughtered for the occasion, even Father Marquette's missionary zeal was unequal to the occasion. He and Joliet, the other Frenchman in the party, passed.

Whenever the Illinois tribes brought on the buffalo it would have been most acceptable except for their hospitable insistence on forcing the fattest pieces upon their guests. All the Europeans who tried to live among the Indians and to share in their way of life complained of the Indian preference for fat—understandable in people so often hungry. Accounts of 17th century frontier life in North America written by French missionary priests mention this particular hardship as do LaSalle and Cartier.

Dorothy Clark

All the early explorers liked it "folle avoine," more literally mad oats than wild literally mad otas than wild rice, but clearly the same thing as the disappearing delicacy of our own day.

Explorers in South America were also finding strange customs. They found the Coca tree, a small tree with pale bright green leaves, somewhat resembling our orange tree. The leaves were picked three or four times a year and dried in the shade, and then packed in small baskets.

The natives in several parts of Peru chew these leaves, particularly in the mining districts, when at work in the mines, or traveling. They frequently take no food for four or five days although they are constantly working if they chew these leaves.

Explorers were assured by them that as long as they had a good supply of coca they fel. neither hunger, thirst, nor fatigue, and that without impairing their health, they could remain eight on ten days and nights without sleep.

They found the leaves almost insipid, but when a small amount of lime was mixed with them, they had a very agreeable sweet taste. The natives put a few of the leaves in their mouths and when they became moist, they added a little lime to them, by means of a small stick, taking care not to touch the lips or the teeth.

The natives carried with them a small leather pouch of coca leaves and a small calabash holding lime or ashes when they had to run great distances delivering messages or supplying fresh fish to the court of the Incas, distances of many leagues. They required no other provisions

It is told that about the middle of the 15th century a poor Arab was traveling through Abyssinia, and finding himself weak and weary from fatigue, stopped near a grove Being in want of fuel to cook his rice, he cut down a small tree that happened to be covered with dead berries. His meal being cooked and eaten the traveler discovered that the half-burned berries were very fragrant. He collected a number of these, and on crushing them with a stone, he found their aroma was greatly increased.

Accidentally he let fall the substance in a container which held his scanty supply of water. The almost putrid water was instantly purified. It was fresh, agreeable and a few moments afterward the traveler had so far recovered his strength as to be able to resume his journey. The Arab gathered as many berries as he could and having arrived at Aden, Arabia, informed the Musti of his discovery. That worthy official was in inveterate opium smoker who had been suffering for years from the influence of the poisonous drug. He tried an infusion of the roasted berries and was so delighted at the recovery of his own vigor that in gratitude to the tree he called it "cohuah" which in Arabic signifies "force."

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AP Newsfeatures

Xerox

History of Vigo County Contains Numerous Firsts

History (Vigo Co.)

By DOROTHY J. CLARK

Ts MAR 5 1972

In the process of indexing the book "History of Vigo County" by William F. Cronin, the third volume of a three volume set of Indiana History by Logan Esarey published in 1922, I jotted down 58 different famous firsts of Vigo county.

They range from the first alien to become a citizen of the United States, Samuel Horne, an Englishmen who had arrived in Philadelphia in 1819 and settled here in 1820, to the first water works established here in 1873. A new plant was erected on the river at the old Indianapolis & St. Louis Railroad crossing in 1888 with a capacity of three million gallons of water a day.

The first American Legion group organized here was Fort Harrison Post 40, on Sept. 12, 1919.

The first baby boy born in Terre Haute was William Earle. The first baby girl was Mary Ann McFadden.

The first bank was organized here as a branch of the State Bank of Indiana, chartered in 1834. The building still stands as a Memorial Hall on Ohio street opposite the courthouse.

The first bar association was formed after the establishment of the first Vigo County Circuit Court in 1818. Lawyers admitted to practice at that time were Jonathon Doty, Nathaniel Huntington, Samuel Whitlesey, William P. Bennett and George K. C. Sullivan. The latter or General Washington Johnston were listed as the first lawyers in Vigo County.

The first actual trial was the case of Joseph Earl, arraigned for assault and battery. He was found guilty and fined three dollars. The first divorce suit was filed in May, 1818, by Mrs. Garber and granted in July. Indiana had the reputation in those days of being the easiest state in which to obtain a divorce.

DOROTHY J. CLARK

The first grand jury of 20 men was sworn in and after eight days adjourned for lack of a single case to try!

The first frame barn was built on the prairie by Ezra Jones who brought his wife and nine children with him, built flat boats, and was the first man to engage in the river trade to New Orleans. He also planted the first orchard unless the Old Indian Orchard on the river counts as number one.

William Mars was the first blacksmith. James Cunningham was the first brick maker. Henry Redmond was the first carpenter, built the first hotel or tavern at the corner of 1st and Water Sts., and became the first tavernkeeper and held the first tavern license.

Alexander Barnes was the first coroner. The first physician was Dr. Charles B. Modesitt who built the first log cabin Terre Haute at the corner of Ohio and Water Street and operated the first ferry. The first licensed ferry in

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Dorothy Clark

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Vigo County was John Durkee about where Tecumseh is now. The license was five dollars in 1818.

The first jail was a log house built by Henry Redford in 1818 and in use until 1827. It was located south of the first courthouse which was four years in the building to the point where it could be even partially used and six years before it was ready for occupancy in 1824.

The first Electric Light & Power Company began in 1885. It furnished 50 arc lights on Terre Haute city streets.

The first Terre Haute Gas Works was incorporated in 1856 and began furnishing gas to the city in 1858. The natural gas came from the Diall Well, 2,900 feet deep and was sufficient for over 30 years. Artificial gas was necessary by 1890.

A handpumper named Hoosier was the city's first piece of fire equipment.

The first frame house was credited to either Curtis Gilbert or Lucius Scott of 1817. The first brick house was built in 1824 by Benjamin I. Gilman as the office for his pork-packing plant which was first in Terre Haute.

The first man to sell livestock on the installment plan was William E. May, of Sugar Creek Twp.

The first water mill was built over Honey Creek south of Terre Haute for Dickson and Lambert by Joshua A. Olds, a skilled millwright and carpenter who came here from the East with his family.

The first coal mine opened in Vigo County was a strip mine known as the Old Home Coal Company by Mr. Broadhurst, grandfather of Mrs. Noble Johnson.

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The first painter was Hankiel Buxton. Helen (Morgan) Lee was the first woman to serve on the park board. This was before her husband's death in 1922.

The first sheriff of Vigo County, Lucius H. Scott, received a salary of $150.00 per year in 1818 with an additional $25.00 for serving in criminal cases.

The first drygoods and grocery store in Terre Haute was opened in 1817 by either John Earle at First and Poplar, or Lucius Scott. Early stores stocked sugar, salt, coffee, whiskey, calico, unbleached muslin and some cheap, gaudy trinkets to attract the Indian trade.

The first improvement of city streets was before 1820 when the trees, stumps and brush were cleared from Ohio street. Even as today the chuck holes were level full of water every time it rained.

The first teacher was either R. W. Gail in 1824 or J. Thayer. The first supt. of schools was William M. Ross, 1853-54. John Britton was the first surveyor. Malcolm McFadden was the first tailor. Robert Brasher was the first hatter.

The first newspaper The Western Register & Terre Haute General Advertiser, was published in 1823 by John W. Osborn.

Curtis Gilbert was appointed postmaster at Fort Harrison in 1815, but John M. Coleman was the first postmaster of Terre Haute, appointed in 1817.

The first town plat was entered by Joseph Kitchell on Sept. 19, 1816. A few days later the land was purchased by the Terre Haute Land Company. The first sale of lots began Oct. 21. 1816 and some sold as low as sixty dollars each. The first mayor was Elijah Tillotson in 1838.

Geology Report Gives Vigo History Sampling

Ts DEC 17 1972

By DOROTHY J. CLARK

In 1896 Dr. J. T. Scovell's full report to the Department of Geology and Natural Resources of Indiana was reprinted in a separate booklet entitled "The Geology of Vigo County, Indiana."

Much of this report is only of interest to other geologists, but local history is to be found in many places. This happens to be a good source.

Knowledge of what lies below the surface of the ground can only be gained when a well is bored and samples taken every few feet.

In 1865 Chauncey Rose commenced drilling a well near the northwest corner of 8th and Wabash hoping to obtain fresh water for the Prairie House. After reaching bedrock at about 130 feet no fresh water was found, but salt water was found in abundance. At 1,630 feet they found oil, and at 1,793 feet they encountered a strong flow of sulphur water.

Later a well was drilled on the northwest corner of 8th and Cherry with about the same results, and the sulphur water was used to supply a bathhouse.

Later a third well was drilled near Wabash Avenue, on the alley between 9th and 10th streets. This well is said to have yielded a strong show of oil.

Before 1870 a fourth well was drilled expressly for oil. It was located near the river between Walnut and Poplar streets. Prof. Cox said that "experienced borers were employed," and each rock strata was carefully measured. At 254 feet they hit salt water; at 947 feet strong sulphur water; strong salt water at 1,557 feet; and sulphur water at 1,840 and 1,912 feet.

Later the gas company drilled a well for gas on the river bank near the foot of Swan street. The record of this well, kept by Martin N. Diall, superintendent, shows oil sands and oil found at 1,613 feet. They continued drilling further through 967 feet of limestone, 100 feet of shale and 250 feet more of limestone to a total depth of 2,390 feet before giving up.

DOROTHY J. CLARK

Some of the wells drilled for water yielded oil, and some gas, but no measures were taken to promote the flow of either, and the well that seems to have furnished the most oil was plugged up and the site is now covered with buildings. The wells drilled for oil and gas yielded an abundance of salt water and sulphur water, but no oil and but little gas.

In 1888 a wave of oil excitement reached Terre Haute and several wells were drilled for oil or gas. The Kinser well was located between 14th and 15th Streets just east of the center of Section 22, Twp. 12, Range 9 near Liberty Ave.

The Big Four well was located in the northeast corner of the North West Quarter of Section 23, T 12, R 9. The Exchange well was situated a little west of the center of Section 22 and hit oil at 1,575 feet and sulphur water three feet lower.

The Alden well was on the

Dorothy Clark

Ts DEC 17 1972

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North West Quarter of Section 23 and hit salt water in the shale at 525 feet and more water between 600 and 700 feet. The Elliott well was located near the west line of Section 23 and Wabash Avenue. It found nothing lucrative down to 823 feet.

In the Smith well near the southwest corner of Wabash Ave. and 10th street, Section 22, they found shale at 112 feet, and oil rock at 1,632 feet. In the Guarantee Well No. 3 located between 8th and 9th near Wabash Ave., the shale was found at 84 feet below low water, the first heavy limestone at 537 feet, and the top of the "Oil sand" at 1,569 feet.

In the Guarantee Well No. 4 located on 10½ st. between Wabash and Chestnut streets, shale was found at 85 feet, and a vein of coal six to seven feet thick at 305 feet, then blue lick or sulphur water at 1,590 feet.

In the Guarantee Well No. 5 near the southwest corner of 5th and Farrington streets, Section 28, the top of the "oil sand" was found at 1,700 feet. Guarantee Well No. 6 was located on the northeast corner of 3rd and Mulberry. Very strong salt water was found at 800 feet, strong gas at 925 feet, and more gas at 1,060 feet with very strong pressure. S. M. Reynolds, who superintended the drilling,

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said the Niegra limestone was well defined at 1,592 feet.

An Artesian Well was drilled at St. Mary's by the Sisters of Providence, and fresh water was found at 730 feet, sulphur water at 1,905 feet, but no show of oil or gas was reported.

These different wells were drilled for water, oil or gas, and not for coal, nor for scientific purposes, consequently little attention was given to coal seams, or to an accurate record of the strata passed through.

On the 8th of May, 1888, oil was reached in the Diehl well, Guarantee No. 1. It was located on the alley between 9th and 10th, between Eagle and Chestnut streets. It came in a gusher, and it was a surprise. Oil flowed out over the whole area into the sewer and down to the river and its "villianous odor filled the air for squares." Excitement was intense. Oil and gas companies were formed by the dozens. Hundreds of localities were leased and soon a score of drills were pounding down ward toward the oilbearing rock. The Phoenix well, between Mulberry and Eagle, reached oil and was still producing in 1896. The Lewis well, Guarantee No. 3, between 8th and 9th near Wabash Ave., yielded some oil but most of the others got only salt water or sulphur water.

In 1896 the Phoenix well was producing 1,800 barrels of oil per month. The oil flowed slowly and output was increased by continuous pumping which was necessary to keep back the water. Guarantee No. 1 was drowned out. The fact that one well produced for eight years was conclusive evidence, according to Dr. Scovell, that there was an oil field, but no one could say exactly where it was.

Strong gas was found in all of the wells. In Guarantee No. 6 the pressure was sufficient to throw out the whole column of salt water and, when lighted, burned with a flame ten to twelve feet high. This pressure lasted for several days. At the Bath House well, near the river, the gas was used as fuel for a long time.

Clark, Dorothy

Travel in Early Days Fraught with Difficulty

Community Affairs File

By DOROTHY J. CLARK

Ts MAR 2 5 1973

From accounts of ocean crossings in the 1630's from England to America we get accurate pictures of transportation difficulties in those days. Emigrants were advised what to bring with them for the long voyage on the sailing ship.

They were told they would need cooking utensils, wooden or pewter dishes, knives and spoons (no forks), bed and table linens, and warm mats to sleep under. A year's outfit of clothing was recommended with extra clothes and leather to make more. They needed tools, especially axes and saws, farm tools, wheels a lantern, iron to make nails, hinges, etc. Each man needed a "long-piece" or musket, with powder and shot, a sword, and a heavily wadded surtout or armoured breast-plate as protection against Indian arrows.

The prudent man brought stores of oatmeal, flour, dried peas, oil and vinegar, and spirits and malt to brew beer. Bottled lemon juice prevented scurvy.

To freshen the salted or pickled meat after weeks at sea, the meat would be towed alongside the ship through the water for a time before hauling it aboard and stewing it with a few vegetables to improve its taste!

The only furniture they had room for was a cradle or carved chest used as a packing box. The cost of such an outfit averaged thirty pounds per person with five pounds more for the passage. This represents from $500 to $1,000 or more today.

Imagine the open upper deck filled with pens of farm and breeding animals. Quarters below were divided into two common cabins — one of them for men and the other for women and children. Here they slept on mats or in hammocks and ate here on stormy days. In spells of rough weather when the hatches were battened down the air must have been dreadful. One captain was convinced seasickness was due to lack of exercise, so he ordered all passengers on deck, made them cling to a rope stretched between the masts and jump up and down until they "warmed their blood."

DOROTHY J. CLARK

After arrival in America, for means of travel the early settlers had the conoe, the pirogue, the Kentucky boat or ark as it was called, the keelboat, the flatboat, and after 1812, the steamboat. On land they had the sled, cart or wagon used by the farmer, the stagecoach, the horse and saddle, and occasionally a carriage or chaise.

Indian trails and buffalo traces served as roads in Indiana until 1817 when the General Assembly passed a law locating, opening and keeping in repair roads in various counties.

All men between the ages of 21 and 50 who had resided in a township for 30 days was required to work as much as twelve days a year if necessary. This was later reduced to five days unless a new road was to be opened when a man worked ten days. Still later compulsory work on roads was reduced to two days except on new roads which required an additional two days. For the upkeep of roads a tax was levied equal to half the territorial tax on lands, stores, etc. Persons could work out their road tax if they preferred.

In those early days all teamsters carried their own beds, unrolling them on the floor of the bar-room, which all tavern keepers provided for this purpose, rolling them up again in the morning, buckling them with a leather feed troughs swung to the rear end of their wagons. The bed was generally a mattress filled with coarse feathers, with one or two homemade quilts, sometimes blankets. A whole bar-room floor would be taken up with teamsters and their beds, as they all had their regular stopping places, and they were the chief patrons of the taverns in those days.

A man destined to change traveling by train in this country, Fred Harvey, arrived in New York from Liverpool in 1850 and found a job as dishwasher in a restaurant at $2 a week plus meals. Restless feet soon carried the fifteen-year-old boy in search of opportunity, and five years later he was working in mail cars on the Hannibal & St. Joe Railroad. The dirty eating houses serving terrible food along the line soon revived his memory of his first job in New York, and in 1876 he and Charlie Moss had raised a few dollars between them, sold an idea and had a restaurant going in the Santa Fe depot at Topeka. So successful was this venture that on May 28, 1893, Harvey consumated a deal with the railroad to control and operate all hotels and restaurants on the system. By 1901 Harvey was operating fifteen hotels, 47 restaurants, and 30 dining cars.

The "Harvey Girls" were "young women of good character, attractive and between the ages of 18 and 30." The girls were employed with the understanding that they would not marry for a year (but when some couldn't make the year, Harvey related and put on a big wedding party for the newlyweds). Standard uniforms for the ladies consisted of a black or dark dress, white collar with black bow tie, a white hair ribbon, and black shoes and stockings. Salary was $17.50 per month plus room, board and tips.

I read someplace the four rules for successful travel—never eat in any restaurant called "Mom's"—never play poker with anyone called "Doc"—get your laundry done at every opportunity—and order any dish containing wild rice.

On the subject of traveling, I'm also reminded of a friend who commented on her travels: "Arizona ia very nice, but I was homesick for Terre Haute. I like to see the air I breathe!" So much for traveling—then and now.

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History Provides Insights Into the Past and Future

Community Affairs File

15 NOV 1973

By DOROTHY J. CLARK

Henry Ford once expressed the opinion that "history is bunk." He could see little merit in a subject taught by "experts" who admitted they did not know all the facts about a given event and often disagreed on how to interpret the available evidence. Such fumbling, he felt, could never have produced the Model T!

Perhaps not. But the Model T is a rarity today, for the advance of automotive engineering and technology have long since displaced it. . . . To be sure, history is based on facts — events taking place at a particular time and place. But each day and year history is being made, along with new historians to interpret events.

History cannot give all the answers. But history provides information needed to understand the past and to think constructively about the future.

History follows a pattern you can recognize. There was a period when a yearning toward crusades swept countries. All over Europe people embarked on ships, they went off to deliver the Holy Land, but WHY did they go? That's the interest of history — seeing why these desires and patterns arise. It's not always a materialistic answer either. All sorts of things can cause rebellion — a desire for freedom, freedom of speech, freedom of religious worship. It led people to embrace emigration to other countries, to formation of new religions very often as full of tyranny as the forms of religion they had left behind. Around the world, across seas, up mountains . . . so goes the path of history.

In his last speech from Geneva in 1965, a week before he died, Adlai Stevenson said, "We travel together, passengers on a little space ship, dependent on its vulnerable supply of air and soil; all committed for our safety to its security and peace, preserved from annihilation only by the care, the work, and I will say the love we give our fragile craft."

DOROTHY J. CLARK

How many readers remember in 1919 everyone going about with a rapt face saying Communism was the answer to everything, that the Marxist doctrine would produce a new heaven brought down to a new earth. There were so many noble ideas flowing about. But then, you see, whom have you got to work out the ideas with? After all, only the same human beings you've always had. You can create a third world now, or so everyone thinks, but the third world will have the same people in it as the first world or the second world or whatever names you like to call things. And when you have the same human beings running things, they'll run them the same way. You've only got to look at history.

George E. McCully, who teaches European history and the philosophy of history at Swarthmore College, believes that history is one of the least effectively taught subjects in American primary and secondary schools, a situation that exists apart from the quality of the teachers involved. History is difficult to teach to young people because it is difficult to convey a sense of the past to the inexperienced —

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Dorothy Clark

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those who have not lived themselves are ill equipped even to begin to understand the lives of others.

He believes that each student should begin to study history by studying the history of his own life and his family and his community. In this way history is made more real to the student when he learns that his ancestor fought in the American Revolution, another emigrated to America because of the potato famine in Ireland, another crossed the country in a covered wagon and helped settle Indiana, and still another was a Forty-Niner, or fought in the Civil War or any of the wars since that time. History can be so dull when it's merely dates and places, not people.

There are two ways one can go at the writing of history. It can be seen as a matter of aesthetics. If the writer is theologically sure of his own truth, he can decorate and adorn that truth by choosing from the myriel facts offered by events whatever he needs for convincing artistry. All events in such histories flow smoothly, irrevocably toward the conclusion the writer has known from the beginning.

Or else history can be approached as journeymen reporters generally do: as a study of men making up their minds, prisoners of their information, captives of events, forced to decision and acting either clumsily or gracefully. This latter approach does not make for neat truths or cunning analysts, but that is the way history appears, as it happens, to those who must report its junction points.

A writer of history, unless he is a chiseler, can contribute nothing to the plot of his writing; all of it is established before the author sits down to work. Thus a writer of history must be judged by his style alone — the term, to be sure, used in its widest ramifications. Style, in the case of an historical writer, is his acumen in arranging and interpreting what is already known in language that makes mere facts humanly meaningful.

A Look at Inventions And Patents of 1860

By DOROTHY J. CLARK

Ts MAY 19 1974

All old books are interesting, and some are more fascinating than others. For instance, the title "Report of the Commissioner of Patents for the Year 1860" wouldn't excite most readers, but a devoted "history bug" will wade through anything.

Applications for patents during 1860 totaled 7,653, but only 4,819 were granted, the majority to United States citizens but 38 to "subjects of Great Britain, the French Empire and other foreign governments."

It was surprising how many inventors lived in Indiana and Illinois. Their inventions included machines for dovetailing, making shingles, mortising, grafting, extracting stumps, carving marble tombstones and making eave troughs.

New farming ideas to be patented offered improvements for beehives, corn huskers, seeding machines, cultivators, corn shellers, horse-powered grain separators, plows, windmills to draw water, pumps, harvesting machines, mowing machines, hay presses, rakes, hay and straw cutters, grain cleaners, hemp brakes and grain scales.

Horses still furnished motive power in 1860 and many inventions concerned improvements in buggies, harness, new compounds for tanning leather, machines for creasing leather, even devices to stop a runaway horse by dropping blinders down over his eyes and partially smothering him (poor horse!).

DOROTHY J. CLARK

Several inventions dealt with "thills." My trust dictionary proved this was not a misprint nor the result of lisping. Thills are the wooden shafts of the buggy or wagon.

For the Deep South there were inventions for cotton seed planters, new ways to bale cotton, presses, tobacco presses and juice extractors for sugar cane.

For the long-suffering housewife there were inventions to improve washing machines such as wringers and devices to pull the clothes out of the tubs on to a belt that would pull them through the wringer. One diehard inventor (probably an Irishman!) offered an improvement on the wooden or wooden and metal washboard. He proposed that the corrugated section upon which the laundry was rubbed should be made of pottery enclosed in a wooden frame. How this was better than the splintery wooden model or the oh-so-hard metal one only our ancestors found out. I've never seen a pottery washboard, but I had a small wooden washboard with a glass corrugation which I used for white Navy uniforms during World War II.

To ease the work of the homemaker there were improvements in simple items such as egg beaters an dbeer pitchers, locks and lamps, cookstoves, writing desks and rocking chairs which converted to cradles, cow-milking

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TS MAY 19 1974

Dorothy Clark

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machines, new-fangled crank churns, ice cream freezers, nut crackers, peach parers (which would even remove the fuzz!) and apple peelers.

If she had dull-looking furniture in 1860, a new furniture polish concocted of one quart alcohol, seven ounces of gum benzoin and six ounces of linseed oil was to be patented. If her mirrors needed resilvering, she could mix together nitrate of silver, tartrate of potassa and liquid ammonia; dilute with water and spread on the glass. This was supposed to "adhere and form a precipitate."

Remember this was 1860, just before the outbreak of the Civil War, and industry was booming. Patents were sought after for mills of all types, steam generators, railroad development, pumps and looms. Guns and firearms of all types were mentioned, even gun canes. Fire escapes, adding machines, scaffolds, hand-spinning wheels, even an "apparatus to detect fraud in the ballot box" were invented. Simple items such as bed cord tighteners, diaper pins, parasols, ice skates, martinglae rings, window awnings, animal traps and inkstands were also to be improved.

Some of the "receipts" for patent medicines were most unusual. What were they good for? Man or beast? Kill or cure? One man in Texas obtained a patent for a "medical compound." His recipe called for one pound each of leptandra Virginica, asclepias tuberosa, seeds of lobelia inflata and ground African ginger, all pulverized; one-fourth pound each of Capsicum or African cayenne pepper and pulverized cinnamon bark; one-half pound of cimicifuga or root of black cohosh, pulverized. This was all mixed together, put up in four-ounce bottles and sealed airtight.

An "astringent medicine" was concocted of wild cherry bark, poplar bark, refined loaf sugar, pure French brandy or alcohol and pure water. The inventor's alternative "medicine" consisted of carbonate potassa, compound spirits of lavender, spirits of hartshorn, essence of peppermint, tincture of opiumand sulphuric ether. If there are any local doctors who would care to make up a batch of either of these, I can furnish the amounts.

A "medicated lotion" was made from one-half ounce each of spoon root, grapevine root, sage, rose leaves, pellitory, Peruvian bark, abro-taenum and horse radish. This mess was all mixed together with alcohol and water and left standing for two weeks in a warm place. Then it was mixed with anatherin root and cloves and left standing two more weeks before pouring off and filtering and mixing with tincture of myrrh and guaiacum.

A new soap patented in 1860 was made of soft water, shaving soap, sal soda, turpentine, olive oil, ammonia, alcohol, marble dust, camphor, white rosin, alum, Prussian blue or Chinese vermillion and oil of sassafras. This mixture was well boiled and ready for use(?)

Cigar-smoking readers would be interested in the invention "for applying to the inside of a man's hat a rack for holding cigars," constructed of reed or whalebone, strips of India rubber attached to loops at intervals to hold a good supply.

Probably the most amusing patent was the "improvement in bosom expanders." This invention consisted of "an arrangement of rows of cane, whalebone, metal or other suitable flexible strips united together so as to form a convex heart-shaped frame covered with any suitable material so as to possess elasticity and flexibility, and provided with suitable hooks and loops for attaching the same to the body." This was possibly one of the earliest "Cross Your Heart" garments for our flat-chested grandmothers!

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An Historical Perspective:

Community Affairs File

Monday as Wash Day

Ts AUG 4 1974

By DOROTHY J. CLARK

Homer's "Odyssey" provides us with an early picture of the way laundry was done during the golden age of Greece. Although considered only a legend, this translation has been proved by modern archeological research to represent accurately the customs of the age.

As recorded by Homer, this event would have happened a few years after 1184 B.C. Nausicaa, the princess of the Phaeacians, approached the king one morning with a petition.

"Father dear, couldst thou not lend me a high waggon with strong wheels, that I may take the goodly raiment to the river to wash, so much as I have lying soiled? Yea, and it is seemly that thou thyself, when thou art with the princes in council, shouldst have fresh raiment to wear. Also, there are five dear sons of thine in the halls, two married, but three are lusty bachelors, and these are always eager for new-washen garments wherein to go to the dances; for all these things have I taken thought."

What father would refuse an offer like that? So Nausicaa, with her handmaidens, was soon on the road to the river.

"Now when they were come to the beautiful stream of the river where truly were the unfailing cistern, and bright water welled up free from beneath, and flowed past, enough to wash the foulest garments clean, there the girls unharnessed the mules . . . Then they took the garments from the wain (wagon), in their hands, and bore them to the black water, and briskly trod them down in the trenches, in busy rivalry.

DOROTHY J. CLARK

"Now when they had washed and cleansed all the stains, they spread out all in order along the shores of the deep, even where the sea, inbeating on the coast, washed the pebbles clean. Then having bathed and anointed them(selves) well with olive oil, they took their mid-day meal on the the river's banks, waiting till the clothes should dry in the brightness of the sun."

This most poetic of laundry stories exists because at this point Homer tells us the shipwrecked Odysseus came out of hiding to present himself to the princess in the hope of getting a new start toward Ithaca.

Laundry belonged to history long before Nausicaa washed her clothes in the river, however. Even before what we call the dawn of civiliaztion in Egypt and Mesopotamia, the lake dwellers were wearing and washing clothes. Crude drawings left by that earlier civilization depict primitive peoples beating fabrics on rocks in streams.

About 3000 BC., the Egyptians were wearing linen clothing, freshly laundered and bleached in the sun. The women took their washing to the banks of the Nile, used sticks, paddles and stones to free the dirt and forced the running water through the fabric. They were aided by a natural purifying agent, an earthy alkali, called nitre or natron, found in the soil and used much as soap would be used later. Sand, ashes and

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soapwort root were also used.

In 70 A.D. Pliny the Elder wrote that the Gauls boiled goat tallow with a liquid drawn from beechwood ashes (lye); but they used it as a hair pomade, not as a cleanser. It was the Greek physician Galen who first observed that this Gallic mixture was an effective cleanser.

A similar form of soap was discovered in the earth on Sapo Hill, outside Rome, sometime prior to A.D. 200. Legend has it that melted fat from sacrificial animals mixed with wood ashes from the fires and was washed down into the clay. Women used the clay in washing clothes.

Most women continued to beat clothes clean in water only until soap became less rare and expensive. It was not until the Ninth Century that an Arabian alchemist Ibn Hajan Dschabir compounded the first known soap formula. The soap industry grew at Marseilles in France, Savona in Italy and Castile in Spain.

I still remember going to the grocery for "Kirk's" Hard Water Castile Soap" for washday. Shaved with a sharp knife, it sure made suds in the wash tub!

New laundry methods were slow to come. As late as the 1800's, methods used thirty centuries earlier were still in use. England produced the first mechanical aid for laundry. They found a way of trampling fabrics with machines, rather than doing it with their feet. Another improved development of the early 1800's was the wash boiler.

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The prospectors in California during the Gold Rush, outnumbering the women 12 to one, sometimes sent their shirts all the way to China to be laundered.

On the American frontier, the pioneer housewife used grease from cooking and wood ashes from the fires to make her own lye soap. She worked with wooden washtubs and scrub boards and made Monday Washday an institution in the American way of life.

In 19th century America, the homemaker would rise early on Monday morning. She first built a fire in the backyard and heated a kettle of water — most likely rain water — taking care to arrange her washtubs so the smoke would not blow into her eyes if the wind was strong. After the water began to boil, she shaved a whole cake of lye soap into it.

She sorted her soiled clothes into three piles — white, colored and heavy workclothes and rags. She stirred flour in cold water, thinned it with boiling water and used it to rub dirty spots, holding the clothes against a scrub board. She boiled the white things. The colored clothing was scrubbed by hand, wrung out and starched.

Using a broomstick, she removed the white things from the washtub, wrung them out by hand and treated them with bluing and starch. The laundry was then hung to dry and the hot, soapy water was used to scrub the floor or porch. The washing done, she rested. The ironing could wait until Tuesday.

By the 1930's, wringer washers had replaced the copper boiler and wash boards in many homes. But the introduction of the first automatic washer in 1937 changed the entire pattern of laundry in America. Women were finally liberated! Now our modern washers and driers are truly labor-saving devices. They only keep us busy loading, unloading, pushing buttons and waiting for the repair man to come.

Art of Making Moonshine Is Rapidly Disappearing

Ts OCT 6 1974

By DOROTHY J. CLARK

The art of making moonshine is rapidly disappearing in the Hoosier hills today. However, years ago, it was not uncommon for many families to have a still located on the hillside for the purpose of manufacturing "spirits." Moonshining was a way of life for the early settlers. It was brewed with herbs and drunk for medicine; and it was, of course, used by many because of the intoxicating effects that it produced. It was a valuable source of income, especially after the closing of the coal mines because of the depresssion. Prohibition, too, created a need for a more abundant supply of moonshine to be manufactured. Though making moonshine is disappearing more and more as the years go by, it is remembered vividly and sometimes fondly by many old-timers.

One old-timer, who shall remain anonymous, remembered moonshining days. Well, there was just a bit of moonshining . . . people didn't have too much of a way of making money except farming, and they couldn't sell their produce. So they put it up canned, and preserved their food. They didn't have much money. They'd trade at the store with some vegetables, and things. Then they'd make moonshine and take it out to the coal mines and sell it. That's about the only way they had of making ready cash. There was quite a few revenue men back in those days and they were always after the moonshiners, and they'd catch them quite a lot."

"A lot of people sold a little moonshine to people that didn't make in in all parts of the Wabash Valley. My father, he would do that, so I did it too for a while."

DOROTHY J. CLARK

"Stills were located where they could get water easy, not too far away from the house. They bought sugar in the 25-pound bags and it didn't cost much."

On being asked how moonshine was made, the old-timer explained: "Well, I'd get me a 60 gallon barrel and I'd measure me a half a bushel of meal in it. Then I'd sprout me some corn, then grind it and dry it. I had a great mill. Then I'd put in 25 pounds of sugar and in five days it would work off, and then I'd break it up and boil it off and make me some liquor. I made real good liquor."

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Dorothy Clark

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a truck and put me up a store and I've never been in a real hard place since."

When asked if the moonshine was easy to sell, he replied: "Yes, it was plenty easy to sell. I even sold it to the law in . . . Blank . . . County."

How much did it cost a gallon? "Well, It cost me about 50 cents a gallon to make it, and I sold it for about $4.00 and $5.00 a gallon."

"I've made moonshine. I've drunk it, sold it, stole it. I've done everything, but I haven't made any moonshine since 1949, and that's a fact."

In the small towns the saloon was a sort of poor man's club, and drunkenness was so widespread among the poor that many reformers thought it the biggest obstacle in the fight against poverty. To the average citizen, the prevalence of hard drinking among the poor proved that their poverty was their own fault.

When he was asked if he thought liquor like moonshine is made much any more, he replied: "No, they're not much made no more. It takes a lot of work and dangers too, to make moonshine. The government get a hold of a man they plum destroy him. And this here government liquor, they don't pay no attention to it and this other stuff ain't no count. It's dangerous and to that government makers put the moonshine makers out of business and people have quit fooling with it."

In the same backwoods neighborhood I asked another old-timer to tell his version of moonshining. When asked if he had ever made moonshine, he told me — "Yes, back in the Depression of 1932, I was cut off the railroad and didn't have any work. I had a wife and three little boys. I got me a moonshine still — an old copper outfit — 60-gallon and went up in the holler and made whiskey. I sold it very cheap. I bought me a can and

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The temperance movement, which had lost ground during the Civil War, was revived after the war. In 1869 the oldest of our third parties — the National Prohibition party — was organized. Five years later a group of religious women founded the Women's Christian Temperance Union. With a branch in almost every town, it soon became a real force in public affairs. The W.C.T.U. insisted that school children be taught the bad effects of alcohol. By the end of the century every state required instruction in temperance. In spite of these efforts the liquor business continued to flourish.

When this country had its first beginnings, hard drinking was usual among all classes and occupations. Whiskey was considered a necessity for those engaged in physical labor. Drunkenness was common. By 1830 the temperance movement was well under way. The well-known temperance play, "Ten Nights in a Bar-Room" became popular in the 1850's.

By 1917 nearly all rural areas and small towns were dry. During World War I Congress stopped the manufacture of alcoholic beverages to conserve grain. It also sent the states an amendment to the Constitution prohibiting the manufacture, sale or transportation of intoxicating beverages. This Eighteenth Amendment was promptly ratified and Prohibition came into effect.

By any standard, moonshining has to be counted as one of the most fascinating endeavors. Few occupations can lay claim to funnier stories — or sadder stories than this. Even though moonshining is dying, people still remember and relate tales and stories.

Old Dictionary Gives Insight Into Slang

Ts DEC 8 1974

Ts DEC 8 1974

By DOROTHY J. CLARK

The recent reprint of an "1811 Dictionary of the Vulgar Tongue, of Buckish Slang, University Wit, and Pickpocket Eloquence" gives an entertaining isight into the slang, wit and humor of the late 18th and early century England, when a "Flaybottomist" was a school teacher, a "Carrion Hunter" an undertaker, and a "Buttock Broker" a matchmaker.

Many words had different meanings then — "High Living" meant "to lodge in a garret or cockloft," a "Faggot" was a stand-in soldier, and, with special apologies to today's feminists, "To Lib" meant "to lie together." And, believe it or not, a "Pig" was a policeman.

I thoroughly enjoyed this gathering of words from long ago, a recent gift to my reference library. It's surprising how many expressions have remained unchanged for almost two centuries. Some have attained respectability while others have remained vulgar and are not used in polite society. Members of the Now generation use the term "bread" to signify money. Two centuries ago "out of bread" meant "out of work," almost the same thing.

Being interested in old cook books and mystified by some of the early terminology, I was pleased to find some answers. "Adam's Ale" we all know refers to water. "Batchelor's fare" consisted of bread, cheese and kisses. "Cobbler's punch" was made of treacle, vinegar, gin and water. "Colcannon" consisted of potatoes and cabbage pounded together in a mortar, and then stewed with butter, an old Irish dish.

DOROTHY J. CLARK

"Flip" was a small beer, brandy and sugar, with sometimes lemon added. Now antique glass collectors know what to serve in those special flip glasses. "Flummery" was oatmeal and water boiled to a jelly, while "fromenty" was wheat boiled up to a jelly. "Hasty pudding" was oatmeal and milk boiled to a moderate thickness and eaten with sugar and butter.

A "pompkin" was a man or woman of Boston in America from the number of pompkins raised and eaten by the people of that country. Pompkinshire was their name for Boston and its dependencies.

"Punch" was a liquor, called by foreigners "Contradiction" because it was composed of spirits to make it strong, water to make it weak, lemon juice to make it sour, and sugar to make it sweet.

"Caligogus" was an American beverage of rum and spruce beer.

"Scratch platter, or Taylor's ragout" was bread sopt in the oil and vinegar in which cucumbers have been sliced. 'Smash' was the old name for mashed turnips. "Sugar sops" was toasted bread soaked in ale, sweetened with sugar and grated nutmeg. It was eaten with

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cheese. "Toad-in-a-hole" was meat baked or boiled in "pye crust."

Away from the subject of food and drink, other interesting definitions include "book-keeper" which referred to one who never returns borrowed books. My hair-dresser, I'm sure, would not appreciate being called "nit squeezer" which was the term for the person who cared for another's hair in 1811. I liked the phrase "owl in an ivy bush" for a person with large frizzled wig or a woman whose hair is dressed ala "blowze." Some of our overdone teased hairdos do make a person look like an "owl in any ivy bush."?

"Bothered" or "both-eared" meant that a person was talked to at both ears by different persons at the same time. confounded, confused.

Some old-time phrases I have been exposed to over the years were also found in this old dictionary. Such terms as "chuckle-headed" meaning "stupid or thick-headed; "cakey" or a foolish fellow; "cork-brained" or light-headed, foolish.

Hobby-horsical referred to one strongly attached to his hobby or favorite amusement.

If a person was described as "chitty-faced" it meant he was baby-faced. A chit was a baby. "Brandy-faced" simple meant red-faced, as if from drinking brandy. "Bran-faced" described a freckle face, or christened by a baker, "he carries the bran in his face." "Bracket-faced" meant ugly, hard-featured.

"Clink" referred to a goal, from the clinking of the prisoner's chains or fetters . . . "he is gone to clink."

The many terms for English money turn up frequently in historical novels, old letters and diaries, account books, etc. A "bawbee" was a half-penny. A "bean" was a guinea; a "half bean" was half a guines.

A "croker" was a groat, or four pence; a "crook" was six pence; a "cripple" was six pence, a coin that was frequently bent and distorted; a "dace" was two pence.

A farthing was sometimes called a "rag." The familiar "quid" was really a guinea or pound. A "borde" was a shilling; a "bull" was a crown piece. Money was called "chink" or "cole." A Spanish dollar was called a "cob."

Historically Speaking

Tribune DEC 14 1975

By DOROTHY J. CLARK

Community Affairs File

Highly taxed, expensive and scarce, tea in Europe, as originally in the Orient, was first a drink to be enjoyed only by the aristocracy. As the volume of imports increased, and belief in its virtues as a cure-all for everything from vapors to gout spread, tea drinking was adopted by the populace.

The claims for its curative properties produced violent controversies among physicians, some maintaining its efficacy in treating practically all of the illnesses that beset mankind, others branding it as harmful and poisonous.

But even such accusations couldn't stem the ever-widening popularity of tea. It's appeal was irresistible. Tea was in demand in France, Germany, the Baltic countries, Russia, and by the mid-17th century, it crossed the Channel to England where it became the national rage.

At coffee houses, where tea was sold, the owners did much to encourage tea drinking. For example, one Thomas Garway, proprietor of the London Coffeehouse, distributed handbills proclaiming the herb "as a regalia in high treatments and entertainments," and advertised tea at bargain prices. So much tea was sold that coffeehouses had to issue their own metal tokens to supplement the short supply of government coins.

Several London coffeehouses became literary clubs, gathering places for writers and social critics. These establishments were dubbed "penny universities," since, it was said, here one could get new ideas and a cup of tea for only threepence. When Charles II tried to suppress coffeehouses as hotbeds of sedition, the outcry was so great that he had to retract his edict.

In the years that followed, the English had to contend with high tea taxes, adulteration, hot debates between doctors, and condemnation by the clergy. These onslaughts on their favorite beverage had little impact. To this day, the English consider a "cuppa" as a comfort and refreshment, and everyone takes a break for "elevenses." Tea is served between the acts at theatres, on commuter trains, and tea shoppes are still found in every city, town and hamlet in the United Kingdom.

It was the Dutch, not the English, who first brought tea to the New World. But as England became the dominant power in the Colonies, so England became the source of tea. The East India Company imported tea from the East to England. It was then sold at auction to English merchants who then exported it to licensed traders in America. With this roundabout route, it was an expensive commodity, limited to the wealthy.

By the mid-1700s, however, tea became part of colonial life. Fashionalbe ladies made tea party rounds, equipped with their own tea cups, saucers and teaspoons. Tea gardens were a favorite spot for refreshments and diversion. The fashion had taken hold in America, as it had in the Orient and in Europe, and tea was preferred by rich and poor alike.

As relations between England and her American colonies worsened, tea became the rallying point, though not the issue, to unite the Colonials. America could import nothing that had not first passed through English ports, including tea, making profitable trade for the Colonies virtually impossible. Although the much hated taxes on glass, paint, lead and paper had been repealed, the Crown clung to a small, insignificant tax on teas as a symbol of England's right to impose taxes upon the Americans.

Thus was brewed the tea boycott. In 1773, a New York newspaper warned: "If you touch one grain of accursed tea, you are undone. America is threatened with worse than Egyptian slavery."

Devoted tea drinkers throughout the Colonies made do with brews of various herbs or berries. When three tea-laden English ships arrived at Boston Harbor, a party of disguised "Indians" held the famous Boston Tea Party. About 342 chests of tea were "fed to the fishes," and this orderly but firm protest encouraged the Sons of Liberty in New York to dump their tea into the East River. In Philadelphia, the tea chests were allowed to land, but kept in warehouses till the tea rotted. In Charleston, tea held in bond, was sold off when the general hostilities started, as a practical way to help pay for the Revolution.

One of the men who participated in the Boston Tea

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Party was a journeyman blacksmith named Joshua Wyeth, born in 1758, and serving a Tory master. Young and unknown, as were all the men who took part Dec. 16, 1773, their faces were smeared with soot and lamblack. After the event, Wyeth joined the army and served a year in Capt. Newell's Company, commanded by Colonel Knox. Because of his skill as a blacksmith, he was later made an artificer.

Joshua Wyeth married, and when some of his children were grown and married they emigrated west to Cincinnati and four of his sons and their wives came on to Vigo County, Ind. One of the sons returned to Cincinnati, but the other three became permanent residents, building log cabins, rearing their children, and now lie quietly (unless strip-mined) in the old Mewhinney Cemetery.

At least 15 families in and around Terre Haute are descended from the brothers Joshua II, Elisha and Frank. There are eight DAR members who claim Joshua Wyeth as their eligibility for membership.

If the tax on tea was the spark that ignited the War of Independence, the tea trade was the spur that gave rise to the fast China clipper ships. By the 19th century, Americans were buying tea directly from the Chinese and shipping it back home on clippers designed for speed over long distances, eliminating risks of spoilage. It was an exciting, flamboyant and romantic era in the tea trade which came to a close in 1869 with the opening of the Suez Canal and the advent of steam. Throughout the expanding U.S. of A., companies were formed to distribute tea by mail order, wagon route deliveries and through stores. The demand for tea was growing in that era, as the demand for tea by young Americans is soaring today.

Readers Respond to Historical Column

Community Affairs File

Ts JAN 26 1975 By DOROTHY J. CLARK

Letters and telephone calls come from all parts of the Wabash Valley and from all over the country when local residents clip the historical column and mail it to friends and relatives they feel might be particularly interested in the subject matter.

Miss Blanche McGrew of Linton, Ind., told how she remembered the day the woman slid down across the Wabash River on a wire hanging by her hair. According to Miss McGrew, the woman was about halfway across when her feet touched water. Boats were there to pick her up before she drowned. It was the 4th of July, and a big crowd was there with lots of fried chicken basket dinners. Miss McGrew was a young child at the time and recalled how frightened she was of the daredevil performance.

She remembers the parade held for returning soldiers from the Spanish-American War. This was held in Sullivan, Ind., in 1900, and her brother, Finley McGrew, had just returned from the Phillipines.

Horses and buggies were hitched around the square, and when Dr. Hinkle drove his little red automobile (the first she had ever seen) at the head of the parade, it made so much noise all the horses reared and tried to break loose.

Now 86 years young, Miss McGrew recalls with pleasure the vacations spent at the Alkire farm northwest of Sullivan.

DOROTHY J. CLARK

Mrs. William W. (Alice Reese) Wilson, 1006 Wheeler Ave., wrote about her memories of Sandford, Ind. She was born in the house west of the Methodist Church. Daniel Kibler was her grandfather; Samuel Francis Reese, Vigo county commissioner for two terms, was her father, and she lived in Sandford as a small child. Her grandfather William Reese owned the farm east of the Tritt farm. All of the stories of that area have been a part of her life.

Her father was in the courtroom when Roger McDonald shot Billie Dwyer.

Because of McDonald's threat to kill Mr. Reese when he was released from prison, the famly breathed a sigh of relief when Sheriff Foncannon shot McDonald later at Fontanet, Ind. The old enmity resulted when Reese prevented McDonald from opening a saloon in Sandford.

Mrs. Opal Funkhouser of New Goshen, Ind., and her oldder sister recalled the events in Sandford at the time of the explosion and train wreck. She has in her family papers letters sent to the Newmarket Post Office (former stage coach stop) as early as 1840, others as early as 1827 sent to Terre Haute, one to Clinton in 1838, and one to New Goshen in 1855.

Offering information on families in that area that others had asked about, Mrs. Funkhouser told that Emory Seldomridge's wife, the former Barbara Shew, was her mother's first cousin. The couple are buried in Rosehill Cemetery along with their only child, Lottie May.

Lee Seldomridge was Emory's brother. He married Rose Holmes and both are buried in Shepherd Cemetery. Julia Seldomridge married Andy Curry.

Another family connection was that of Dr. Cecil Ray's wife Flossie Shew who was Barbara Seldomridge's niece. Dr. Ray was the family doctor for years.

Blanche Shickel of Sandford was Opal's teacher for two years, 1913-15, at the old Shank schoolhouse. William Shuey was the first postmaster at New Goshen.

In the old part of Rosehill Cemetery can be found the graves of the Jackson family

Continued on Page 6, Col. 3.

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Dorothy Clark

Ts JAN 26 1975

Continued From Page 1.

who came from Northumberland, England.

Another letter of interest came from Phoenix, Ariz. This gentleman was passing through our city and stopped off to service his car and buy a Sunday newspaper. He became interested in reading my column on old country stores which brought back many memories.

"It seems like it's too long since the molasses barrel, and the cracker barrel, and clerks who could add up your bill in their mind or on the edge of the paper with which they wrapped the lard, and exchanges you didn't have to keep track of, before money or word substituted for honest weight . . . thanks for reminding me of those days."

Mrs. Blanche Stevens of East Troy, Wis., wrote a letter of enquiry concerning her ancestors in this area. Her grandfather, John Rukes, and his wife Sarah are one of the three families listed in the 1850 census of Parke county. Her father, Romey Rukes, was born in Terre Haute in 1865.

John Rukes and his sons Romey, Fred, Cameron and Ray migrated to Missouri around 1890. Records show John Rukes was married at least four times, first to Sarah Chalace in 1857, and last to Ellen Scott, the grandmother of Mrs. Stevens. Mrs. Stevens would like to hear from anyone related to this family.

A letter from Lawrenceburg, Ind., seeks information about the Medley family. Joseph Medley, born 1803 in North Carolina, married Rachel Stewart in 1825 in Knox County, Ind. This family is listed in the 1850 Vigo county census as John and Rachel with five children: John A., Sarah Jane, Lucinda, Martha and George. There was also a Rachel Stewart, born in Pennsylvania, aged 95 years.

If anyone has information about the Medley family before 1870 in this area, they may contact this writer.

Another letter came from Ellinwood, Kan., asking for information about a great-grandfather Hiram Hovey Hayward, born in Greene County, Ind., in 1828, married in 1849 to Elizabeth Stalcup, born there in 1824. They also migrated to Allen County, Kan., about 1850, but some of the family stayed here in this area. Does anyone know of information about the early Hayward or Stalcup families here?

Still another letter from Lynnwood, Washington, asked for information about the Davidson family who came into Vermillion County, Ind. about 1832. Researching his and his wife's families, this correspondent needs information about the Rippetoe, Malcolm, Minnick, Myers, Dowden and Brewer families in the Wabash Valley area.

There aren't enough hours in the day to help everyone needing help in tracing their family trees. Genealogy is people helping people in lots of ways.

Community Affairs File

Historically Speaking

Ts APR 1 1 1976

Ts APR 1 1 1976

By DOROTHY J. CLARK

In these spring days of house cleaning and refurbishing, it's interesting to note that paper hangings are an old Philadelphia custom. One of the earliest manufacturers of wallpaper in the American colonies was Philadelphian, Plunket Fleeson. Born in 1712, the son of an Irish immigrant, Fleeson operated an upholsterer's shop in the 1730's. He served as an ensign during King George's War in 1749.

Many Early American tradesmen such as stationers, ironmongers, and undertakers, sold wallpaper as a sideline, or stained paper, as wallpaper was called in the 1700's.

In later years when wallpaper became a more solidly established industry in America, the manufacturers were also called "paper stainers." The paper stock used at that time and up until 1829, was manufactured by hand in small, separate sheets and most often hung by the manufacturer or jobber himself. The paper was made from cotton and linen rags until after the Civil War when wood pulp paper was used almost exclusively for machine printed wallpapers.

Of course, paper hangings from France and England had been sold in Philadelphia for some time. Mrs. Benjamin Franklin wrote to her husband in London in 1765 that she had papered the "little south room as the walls were much soiled."

Practicality seemed to be the selling point in those early days. One advertisement in 1786 told of "Flies and smoke operate to soil paper in common rooms if the grounds are too delicate; to prevent which I have grounds that fly marks will not be perceptible upon. Also dark grounds, which the smoke will not considerable affect in the course of 20 years—at such low prices will eventually be found cheaper than whitewash.

Up until 1745, most homes in the area had whitewashed plaster walls. But wallpaper really begin to catch on, and more names joined the roster of wallpaper jobbers and manufacturers.

The price for supplying and hanging wallpaper ranged from two shillings, six pence to five shillings (approximately three to five dollars equivalent, but since the value of colonial money differed from one colony to another, it is hard to be accurate) for a roll, actually a roll of small squares pasted together, to two or three shillings a roll for hanging it in the late 1700's.

One jobber in the early 1800's advertised a small room's worth (6 or 8 rolls) of imported paper for $100 and $40 more fo hanging it. Whatever the actual price, it can be seen that the price of a fine wallpaper is one thing that has not gone up very much!

Philadelphia is still looked to as a source of historic wallpaper, the most famous of which is the panoramic or scenic wallpaper, first printed by woodblock in the period from 1800 to 1850.

Scenics, first called Panoramics, because they presented a panoramic view, were developed as less expensive substitutes for hand-woven decorative wall hangings such as tapestries. The first attempts in scenics were found on fire and folding screens. Producing scenics is a very intricate process and sometimes as many as 2,000 woodblocks are needed to complete a scene.

Fabrics of the same pattern as wallpaper came to America about 1913, and are not the new decorating idea some people think they are.

While Plunket Fleeson had the distinction of being the first Philadelphian to manufacture wallpaper, he is often mistakenly credited with being the first in the colonies. Two New Yorkers beat him to that honor.

John Hickey in 1756 and John Rugar in 1765.

Fleeson's ad in the 1769 PENNSYLVANIA GAZETTE proves when he started his wall paper manufacturing.

"To be sold by Plunket Fleeson, Upholsterer, at the corner of Fourth Street, in Chestnut Street, American Paper Hangings. Manufactured in Philadelphia, of all kinds and colours, not inferior to those generally imported, and as low in price. Also Paper Mache, or raised paper mouldings for hangings, in imitation of carving, either coloured or gilt. And as there is a considerable duty imposed on paper hangings imported here, it cannot be doubted, but that every one among us, who wishes prosperity to America, will give a preference to our own manufacture, especially on the above proposition, of equally good and cheap Paper hangings put up on the most reasonable terms, and the utmost care taken to render that work effectual."

Fleeson must have been one of the first to urge his fellow Philadelphians to "Buy American"! General George Washington bought military equipment from the shop of Plunket Fleeson during the Revolution, items such as a large baggage tent and three walnut camp-tables.

The ads of some of the pioneers in the wallpaper industry reflect their practicality, patriotism, and, above all, salesmanship.

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Historically Speaking

Ts JUL 1 1 1976

By DOROTHY J. CLARK

Community Affairs File

The term "Whig" and "Tory" were taken from the political vocabulary of Great Britain and were first used here to distinguish the opposing parties in the Revolution, about 1770.

The term "Whig" originated during the reign of Charles II, or about that time. Bishop Burnet, in his "History of His Own Times", gave this explanation: "The southwest countries of Scotland have seldom corn enough to serve them round the year; and the northern parts producing more than they need, those in the west come in the summer to buy at Leith the stores that came from the north; and, from a word, "Whiggam", used in driving their horses, all that drove were called "Whiggamores", and shorter, "Whigs".

History records that when the people rose up in protest and marched several thousand strong on Edinburgh, praying and preaching all the way, their line of march became known as Whiggamore's inroad, and ever after that "all that opposed the courts" came, in contempt, to be called Whigg. From Scotland the word was brought into England, where it became an unhappy term of distinction. Subsequently, all whose party bias was democratic were called Whigs.

The origin of the word "tory" is not so well attested. The Irish malcontents, half robbers and half insurgents, who harassed the English in Ireland at the time of the massacre in 1640, were the first to whom this epithet was applied. It was also applied to the court party as a term of reproach.

One version of the origin of the word "Yankee" and "Yankee Doodle" was found in Thatcher's Military Journal. It seems a farmer in Cambridge, Mass., named Jonathan Hastings in 1713 used it as a favorite cant word to express excellence, as a "yankee" good horse or "yankee" good cider.

The students of the college, hearing him use it a great deal, adopted it, and called him "Yankee Jonathan"; and, as he was rather a weak man, the students, when they wished to denote a character of that kind, would call him "Yankee Jonathan."

Like other cant words, it spread, and came finally to be applied to the New Englanders as a term of reproach. Some suppose the term to be the Indian corruption of the word English, Yengles, Yangles, Yankles, and finally Yankee.

A song called "Yaknkee Doodle" was written by a British sergeant at Boston, in 1775, to ridicule the people there, when the American army under Washington was encamped at Cambridge and Roxbury.

The original lyrics of the song were as follows:

"Once on a time old Johnny Bull flew in a raging fury,
And swore that Jonathan should have no trials, sir, by jury;
That no elections should be held across the briny waters;
And now said he, I'll tax the tea of all his sons and daughters.

Then down he sat in burly state, and blustered like a grandee,
And in derision made a tune called Yankee Doodle Dandy.
Yankee Doodle, these are the facts, Yankee Doodle Dandy,
My son of wax, your tea I'll tax, you Yankee Doodle Dandy.

John sent the tea from o'er the sea, with heavy duties rated,
But whether hyson or bohea I never heard it stated.
Then Jonathan to pout began - he laid a strong embargo;
I'll drink no tea, by Jove so he threw overboard the cargo.

Then Johnny sent a regiment, big words and looks to handy,
Whose martial band, when near the land, played Yankee Doodle Dandy.
Yankee Doodle, keep it up, Yankee Doodle Dandy;
I'll poison with a tax your cup, you Yankee Doodle Dandy.

A long war then they had, in which John was at last defeated,
And Yankee Doodle was the march to which his troops retreated.
Cute Jonathan, to see them fly, could not restrain his laughter;
That tune, said he, suits to a T. I'll sing it ever after.

Old John's face, to his disgrace, was flushed with beer and brandy,
E'en while he swore to sing no more this Yankee Doodle Dandy.
Yankee Doodle, he, he, he, Yankee Doodle Dandy,
We kept the tune, but not the tea, Yankee Doodle Dandy.

I've told you now the origin of this most lively ditty,
Which Johnny Bull dislikes as dull and stupid, what a pity
With Hail Columbia it is sung, in chorus full and hearty,
On land and main we breathe the strain John made for his tea party.

No matter how we rhyme the words, the music speaks them handy,
And where's the fair can't sing the air of Yankee Doodle Dandy
Yankee Doodle, firm and true, Yankee Doodle Dandy
Yankee Doodle, doodle doo, Yankee Doodle Dandy."

The common expression "Mind your p's and q's", had its origin in the ale houses of the early days, when it was customary to keep each man's

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account upon the wall or door. At the head of the bill would be the initials P and Q, which stood for pints and quarts, and as the numbers mounted up, we can imagine one kindly rustic saying to another, "Mind your p's and q's."

You all know the old song, "Sing a Song of Sixpence." Have you ever read what it meant? The four and twenty black birds represent 24 hours. The bottom of the pie is the world, the top crust is the sky. The opening of the pie is dawn, when the birds begin to sing, and surely such a sight is "a dainty dish to set before the King."

The King, who is represented as sitting in his parlor counting his money, is the sun, while the gold pieces that slip through his fingers are golden sunshine. The Queen, who sits in the dark kitchen, is the moon, and the honey with which she regales herself is the moonlight.

The industrious maid, who is in the garden at work before the King (the sun) has risen, the day (dawn) and clothes she hangs out are the clouds, while the bird which so tragically ends the song by "nipping off her nose" is the hour of sunset.

So, we have the whole day — in a pie.

Community Affairs File

Historically Speaking

Ts DEC 2 6 1976

Community Affairs File

By DOROTHY J. CLARK

The custom of giving to friends written remembrances on loose leaves is an ancient one, but the collection of autographs in albums is of more recent date.

A century ago, it would have been difficult to find any family of refinement, or even reasonable good taste, whose members did not possess one of these albums. Filled with the sentiments of love and friendship, they vary greatly in their literary value. They were popular in schools, especially at graduation time, and given to young couples when they married and left the home community.

It was sometimes very difficult to write, as the occasion might require, at a moment's notice, a few appropriate lines in an autograph album. For such emergencies of embarrassment, the choicest verses to be found in the English language were gathered together in a little book and published in 1883.

The contents were divided into verses appropriate for dedication, affection, good wishes, forget-me-not, Christmas, birthday, remembrance, humorous, and miscellaneous extracts from poetry.

Limitation of space will allow only one example of each category.

"In after days, when age creeps on, And some who's written here are dead and gone, If you should on these pages chance to look, Do not despise the verses in this book."

"My autograph? Why certainly, my dear. I wish its market value was more clear. You still should have it, for my will is good. I'd give a kingdom to you if I could."

"May your friends be many, May your foes be few, With woes not many Life's journey through."

"O joyous be your Christmastide, And bright your New Year, too. To you may love never be denied, May all your friends be true."

"This is thy birthday, may it be A source of happiness to thee, And may each birthday yet in store Be brighter than the one before."

"Remember me when you are happy, Remember me when you are sad, Remember me through all life's changes, Remember me when glad."

"When on this page You chance to look, Just think of me And close the book."

"Albums are records, kept by gentle dames To show us that their friends can write their names That Miss can draw, or Brother John can write Sweet lines, or that they know a Mr. White."

"The lady comes, with lowly grace upon her 'Twill be so kind,' and 'do her book such honor.' We bow, smile, deprecate, protest, read o'er The names to see what has been done before."

"A think of beauty is a joy forever; Its loveliness increases; It will never Pass into nothingness."—Keats

Found in the estate papers of former local resident, Miss Hester Hoffman, were the autograph albums, one dark red plush, of her mother, Mattie M. Miller, when she was a student at St.Mary-of-the-Woods College beginning in 1880. The autographs were written up to 1887, before her marriage to George Hoffman in 1888.

Many of the girls who wrote sentiments in her early album signed themselves Class of '82. Inscriptions included those of Mary Oakey, Addie Gfroerer, Lena and Charlie L. Reichart, Mrs. William H. Haslet, Emma and Netty Haslet, Maud Smock, and the Neukom family, Albert, Will, Rose, Minnie, Carrie and Reba.

Also, Cora Westfall, Mattie Mancourt, Anna Romoser, Cora Davis, Minnie Payne, C. Probst, Willie Katzenbach, Jesse Watson, Isa M. Drake, Beulah M. Cy Coy, Nellie Sibley, Katie Shryer, Annie Filbeck, Jessie B. Bowser, W. Teel, Anna Bennett, Effie Pence, Edith Messmore, Kittie Burke, Anna Mautz, John and Charles Weinbrecht, Lillie Gilman, Lizzie Collins and Minnie Porter who included a lock of her light brown hair.

In a lovely lithographed calendar booklet were found baby curls of little Herman G. Hoffman from birth until he started to school at the age of six years. There was even a poem he recited for a Thanksgiving Day observance in Miss Duenweg's first grade class.

A family group portrait taken by H. T. Biel of the T.J. Hoffman family showed two sons and a tiny daughter. Another portrait of a small child must have been Hester with long curls, fancy dress, black stockings and high-button shoes, posed with the family dog.

Yellowed newspaper clippings, funeral cards, pen and ink drawings, pressed flowers, etc., are only a few of the items found in old autograph albums.

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And then there are those who collect autographs of famous people, either for fun or for profit.

Ten years ago, a letter in the handwriting of the late President John F. Kennedy, written to the widow of a PT-109 shipmate, was auctioned in New York for $9,500. Other examples of Kennedy's handwriting and signatures commanded premium prices.

However, samples of his penmanship vary widely, according to circumstances, moods and pressures, changing dramatically over the years. When a young Congressman, his signature was very legible. Letters thanking people for favors and political help show a penchant for dashed-off postscripts that are almost illegible. And the signatures, tossed off just as hurriedly, sometimes read like "Tosh" or "Tach" or "Tack" instead of "Jack".

Only a qualified autograph expert can properly evaluate an autograph for its authenticity or its monetary value.

Historically Speaking

By Dorothy Clark

Ts JUL 3 1977

American Declaration Also Gave Opportunity

Clark, Dorothy Community Affairs File

For 200 years philosophers, historians and political scientists have called our Declaration of Independence one of the most momentous political documents in all history.

Although the basic ideas had been expressed many times before 1776, never before had they been assembled and asserted in one instrument to outline a charter of liberty. It severed our political ties with the mother country, stated the reasons for that separation and became a guide for the framers of the Constitution. It gave more than independence — it gave opportunity.

The colonists who settled on the Eastern Seaboard had to be strong, self-reliant, confident people or they would not have survived for more than a century in that primitive wilderness, and they would never have succeeded in turning it into a thriving, orderly society.

Those qualities enabled them to carry on from the landing at Jamestown up to 1776.

The Declaration gave new impetus to those qualities and, in turn, led to the creation of new institutions, new industries and the expansion of education without class barriers.

We know that 200 years in the perspective of history is but the "twinkling of an eye," but we can take some pride that no other people have continued so long under one written Constitution.

Three factors aided the American experiment in this new kind of government: first, our geographical isolation in a rich, undeveloped continent, far removed from the quarrels of Europe; second, the uniqueness of the institutions we created; and third, the personal qualities of the people and their leaders.

There is no parallel in history of three million people producing such a galaxy of remarkable leaders as those who drafted the Declaration and the Constitution.

Russia and China had the same natural urge for freedom as did our people, for man was meant to be free.

What was it, then, that we had that enabled us, in less than 200 years, to surpass those two countries in universal education, in science, in industrial production, in national unity and in the standard of living? It was the freedom that independence gave to each person to shape an individual future, and in doing that, to shape the course of the nation itself.

That kind of freedom, unique in human history, unleashed the latent talents, the energies and the creative abilities of three million hardy people, while at the same time, the equally hardy, equally intelligent, equally industrious, equally talented people in those two other countries remained in the bonds of the past which only now in the 20th century are beginning to relax.

Among the major factors in our development are the freedoms of press and speech. In the formative years, from at least 1770 onward, free speech from pulpits, platforms, and open air meetings flourished.

At the same time there was a vigorous exercise of freedom of the press, both by regular newspapers, and by the great output of pamphlets, many of them authored by those who signed the Declaration and later the Constitution.

How and why did our experiment succeed when others had failed in the endless search for liberty with security?

In 1776, Russia and China, to mention only two examples, were equally blessed with land areas of continental proportions, each had natural resources equal to ours, each had a long tradition of culture and enlightenment, each had many millions of intelligent, skilled, industrious people. I have no doubt that those millions in

Without that free speech and a free press, it is doubtful whether the people would have been ready to support the separation from England, or whether the Constitution would have been ratified.

Even those editors who opposed ratification of the new Constitution generally tended to cover the debates so that the people understood the issues.

At every major turning point for 200 years, the power of free speech and a free press has made itself felt on the great issues, and the independence of each element of our social and political order has been preserved by open debate.

Thus it was that the independence that began in 1776, and the new freedoms it brought to us, released the creative energies of our people for these 200 years.

In this century, we have engaged in two world wars of unparalleled horror and other prolonged armed conflicts which have divided our people, sapped our resources and taxed our spirits to the utmost.

What must we do to assure the continuance of our freedoms in the complex modern world in which a change in the price of a barrel of oil, for example, can severely tax our way of life?

Can we adjust to these new realities of the interdependence of nations, whether the dependence is for oil, or wheat, or manufactured goods, or technology — or the over-riding need for peace?

As trustees of our precious freedoms, we have the duty to pass them on, unimpaired, to those who follow.

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Amaryllis plants grown as gifts by local woman

T S DEC 13 1978

By DOROTHY CLARK
Tribune Women's Editor

Each holiday season, the women editors at the newspaper office look forward to the visit of Lois Eck who shares her "green thumb" talents with gifts of ready-to-bloom amaryllis. The one on my desk stands almost three feet high and is so "pregnant" with two buds that I'm sure its time is very near.

The plant stake says its name is "Fair Lady," and Lois predicts it will be a deep pink. Many people enjoy amaryllis bulbs during the holiday season, but few people have the luck with them that Lois does...her bulbs even bloom the next year, and the next, etc.

Perhaps when they all bloom, one editor will stop calling them "obscene-looking plants,' and appreciate their huge blooms and gorgeous colors that last and last.

The amaryllis has become associated with the Christmas season because its most familiar blossom is bright red and its blooming cycle begins in December. However, this regal bulb flower is available in a variety of handsome colors, from red to pure white and most shades in between. There are even amaryllis which are striped and those, called Picotee, which are white with red edges, and, although they begin blooming in December, their season extends through April. The pure white amaryllis is perfect for the Easter season and the other shades, orange, pink, salmon, make even the most drab winter days come alive.

With all its stately beauty, the amaryllis requires no special treatment and blooms faster, four to six weeks after it is planted, than other flowering bulb plants. The bulbs are large and thrive in cramped quarters, thus the pots used should allow only one half inch of space between the bulb and the side of the pot.

The soil should consist of equal parts of peat moss, packaged potting soil and sand or perlite. Cover the drainage hole in the pot with stones or pieces of a broken clay opot. Fill the pot with the soil mixture to within one inch of the rim to allow for watering and plant the bulb so that only half is buried in the mix. Firm the soil and drench it with lukewarm water until the surplus drains through the bottom hole.

Amaryllis need heat to start growing but no extra water, therefore palace the pot in a dark, warm, airy place until the first leaves or flower buds begin to show. As soon as the leaves or buds show, move the amaryllis into a sunny location and water thoroughly. Then, do not water again until the soil feels dry to the touch. When the flowers bloom, move them out of direct sunlight so that they will last longer.

Amaryllis must grow a number of long strap-like leaves to help rebuild the bulb; so when the flowers fade, begin fertilizing to help form next year's bulb. Use a good all-purpose fertilizer, or if you prefer an organic type, try fish emulsion. Fertilize amaryllis twice a month and never apply fertilizer to dry soil since this can burn feeder roots and retard the plant's growth. Always water the plant before applying fertilizer.

Since amaryllis will bloom year after year (at least for Lois), these few tips will guarantee the plant's health and beauty for many years. When the flowers fade, return the pot to bright sunlight. In mid September the outer leaves will begin to yellow, an indication that the plant needs a rest. Cut all the leaves to within an inch of the neck of the bulb, take the bulb out of the soil, store in a cool spot 50 degrees to 55 degrees F and moisten slightly once a month. In late November or early December when the bulb begins to show siqns of growth, pot again and start the blooming cycle.

(over)

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THE MAJESTIC AMARYLLIS — For spectacular indoor blooms with a minimum of effort try your hand at growing the Dutch amaryllis. The brilliant, six-inch flowers on two-foot tall stems will provide a dramatic and colorful accent to any room.

—Historically Speaking—

By Dorothy Clark

Boone County Magazine proves interesting — all of it!

Clark, Dorothy TS JUN 4 1978

A long-time correspondent, Mark A. Majors of Indianapolis, sent me a copy of the Boone County Magazine published in Whitestown. Knowing my interest in all types of local history, he was sure I'd enjoy the publication, and I did, even the advertisements.

On the inside of the back cover was a notice of a Public Sale, and I quote:

The undersigned, intending to commit suicide, will sell at Public Auction at Bungeville, one mile north of Wart Factory, on the Bulltoad Road, east of the Appendicitis Farm...Some day next Tuesday beginning at 1 G.M. Sharp the following prescribed property:

One spavined mare, 39 years old; one big bay horse, weight 413 lbs.; one iron gray gelding mare, with false teeth, always five years old; one sorrel hoss, well matched; one mare mule with colt at side; one brown worked hoss, a good feeder; one man-eating jackass, shod with giant grip horse shoes, some kicker; one running horse, runs at the nose; nine head of colts, six steers and three geldings; seven pedigreed Holstein stallions, sired by night and dammed by everybody.

Twelve cows, good kickers, will farrow in August; seven yearling heifers, coming four years old; two brood cows with cream separator at side; one Poland China bull, good as new; two calves with pink stockings and high military heels; seven condensed milch cows, one of which are bulls; also one fall cows and two that never fell; one Plymouth Rock calf, will have pups by day of sale, weather permitting; one bossy cow, boss of the farm.

One hired man, coming 37 years old; three old boars, coming 20; 14 Rhode Island Red sows with making attachments; seven brown leghorn pigs with their golden hair hanging down their backs; seven bowlegged spring pigs.

In the category of Sheep, Goats and Poultry, R. U. Snakey, proprietor, offered one Hampshire ram with detachable rims; seven yous; 10 lambs, seven mary, three not; five Billy Boats with red whiskers, a la mode, do excellent teamwork as they are very strong; also unexcelled for dairy work as each is a good butter; three Nenney goats, one goatee. one Democratic rooster, has pep; one Republican rooster, has pip; four dozen hens with eggs; 40 spring chickens, six years old; one single comb Jersey red hired girl (some chicken); seven hens, can vote; seven dappled grey chickens, with roup.

Seven dung forks, eight of which are equipped with fly net attachments; one rolling pin; separator, with mortgage attached; narrow-toed corn cultivator; two bull rakes; one cow rake; one sulky rake; one sulky wife; DeLaval hay loader, with 40 rods of wire; Dearn corn planter; Crow corn separator; road drag, never used; International riding saw; set rope harness, twine condition; pint gasoline; one old fashioned buck saw with full directions for use.

One triple extension bicycle, patent lever, with jewels; one Holstein-Friesian plow, will be fresh by day of sale; one Berkshire wheelbarrow, geared 120, can trot, pace or gallop; one Castor Oil manure spreader, works while you sleep; one Pearl handled Oliver Chilled Plow with velvetine flounces; one six-cylinder Stoneboat with automatic cut-off.

Household goods included a Talking Machine, bad as new; sideboard, nothing in it; six kegs, empty; 18 pint bottles, empty; one Keep-it-Still, large capacity; twin beds, one as good as new; baby carriage, with balloon tires; also other articles too sad to mention.

Terms of the sale were cash or the balance in the county jail. A cold lunch of snow balls and pickeled frost would be served at midnight. U. Sokum was the auctioneer, and I. Holdem, clerk.

The Boone county publication also printed a bit of whimsy concerning the pronunciation of the name of Vigo county's capital city, and I quote:

I had it right beyond a doubt
When I arrived at Tarra Hout.
But soon I met a gay galoot
Who said the town was Tarre Hoot.
I might have had plain sailing, but
Another dubbed it Tarre Hut.
Still another called my vote
And welcomed me to Terra Hote.
And then I gave it up, you know,
And moved away to Kokomo.

The editor added these two lines:

But poets here don't write such rot
Unless they live in Possum Trot.

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—Historically Speaking—

By Dorothy Clark

Tg JUN 18 1978 Community Affairs File

Body snatching not uncommon in decades after Civil War

In every midwestern city in which there was a medical college in the two decades after the Civil War, body-snatching was a familiar form of rascality. The practice, however, did not originate in the Midwest. Its history extends back into English origin at least one hundred years ago.

Body-snatching was the bootlegging of human dead for purposes of dissection. The type of people engaged in this loathsome and illegal practice, the methods employed, the gang warfare, the connivance by the police and the bribery and hypocrisy all find their counterparts in the more recent bootlegging of illegal alcohol.

The dissection of the human body was not permitted in ancient days until legalized by Frederick II (1194-1250) of Germany and was seldom practiced. From the 14th century, human dissection was legal on the continent, so the practice of illegal exhumation was necessary only in the English-speaking countries, England, Scotland, Ireland and America.

Bodies of executed criminals were plentiful and provided an ample supply until the latter part of the 18th century when there gradually developed a heightened interest in medicine, with special emphasis on human anatomy.

Visits at darkest midnight to the potter's field by the young apprentice barber-surgeon or physician, assisted by regular grave-diggers, was the logical solution.

The epitaph written by Shakespeare is a good example of the prevalence of the custom: "Good friend, for Jesus' sake forbear/ To dig the dust inclosed here,/ Blest be the man that spares these stones,/ And curst be he that moves my bones."

In America, the first human dissection for anatomic instruction was performed in New York in 1750. The subject was an executed criminal.

Since America was still a child of the mother country, English statutes regarding dissection were also the American laws. In other words, executed criminals were the only source of supply.

However, body-snatching never became the well-organized, highly paid profession that it became in England. Bodies for American medical schools were provided by their porters, with the aid of the students.

Body-snatchers, resurrectionists, sack-'em-ups, ghouls or exhumators were of two orders, gentlemen and rascals. The medical students and young anatomists, the gentlemen, were actuated by scientific motives. The rascals, grave-diggers, sextons, rowdies and criminals, found in this business a lucrative, exciting form of employment, which required the occasional and strenuous use of brawn, but little need for brains. They were the professionals.

An elaborate technique was evolved. Special tools were required, sharp, curved spades on long handles, scoops on jointed shafts, grappling tongs and crowbars. It was essential that the body-snatchers leave no trace of their work behind.

In order to leave the grave mound untouched, the "sack-'em-ups" would remove a square of turf 18 by 20-inches in diameter some 15 or 20 feet from the head or foot of the grave. After carefully putting this aside on a tarpaulin, they would begin digging.

The depth of the grave depended on the importance of the person buried, and would be carefully estimated and a rough, slanting tunnel would be dug ending exactly at the end of the coffin.

Then the scalp or feet of the corpse was grasped, and the subject withdrawn through the narrow opening. Considerable force was required with a jerking motion instead of a steady pull. The tunnel was then refilled and the sod carefully replaced.

Mourners, on visiting the cemetery, would be content and unsuspecting. Anxious relatives frequently placed a stick, stone or a planted flower in such a position that they could tell if the grave had been disturbed.

The practiced eye of the accomplished grave-robber noted these markers at once, even in the dark, and they were restored so precisely the crime went undetected. Speed was most important, and the lantern was covered so the light could not be seen.

The clothing, jewelry and gold teeth were kept by the body-snatchers along with their fee. Victims were frequently strangled or hit over the head to supply the need without the labor of grave-robbing. The teeth were salvaged to use in making crude dentures before the advent of porcelain teeth.

As late as 1893 when Johns Hopkins Medical School was opened, there were only 49 cadavers from legal channels to supply the 1,200 students attending the seven schools in Baltimore. The deficit was made up by body-snatching.

Probably the most publicized case of body-snatching occurred May 30, 1878 (just 100 years ago) at the Medical College of Ohio in Cincinnati. On that date, John Harrison, brother of Benjamin Harrison, who was later to become President of the United States, visited the medical school, armed with a search warrant, in search of the body of William B. Devin, a young friend of the Harrison family who had died a few days previously and whose body had been stolen.

He failed to find Devins' body, but, to his great horror, found the body of his own father, John Scott Harrison, who was a son of William Henry Harrison, ninth President of the United States.

Because of his prominence, the newspapers aroused public sentiment and eventually resulted in enactment of state laws which provided adequate supplies of dissection material from unclaimed pauper dead.

Body-snatching is now but a memory, found only in historical novels, musty volumes of old newspapers, and the incomplete, scattered historical treatises of early medical scholars.

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Vacation varied, from Hyatt-Regency to backyard

Community Affairs File

Midweek Chatter

1 SEP 6 1978

By DOROTHY CLARK
Tribune Women's Editor

Summer vacations come in all sizes and shapes, faraway and at-home, alone or with people, one day to weeks and months, but my 10-day end-of-summer was a little of all of the above.

From the sublime to the ridiculous, from the Hyatt-Regency at Indy to the backyard filling in recently dug beagle holes, this vacation was different to say the least!

Having heard all sorts of wild tales about the new hotel, I decided that would be the place —right down town where all my particular interests are for shopping, library research, museum sauntering, eating out and visiting with Indy friends.

The lobby (or atrium) is breath-taking with the view of the glass sided elevators gliding silently up 20 floors. The decor is eye-catching with lots of green growing plants, trees and hanging baskets. All the hotel employees are so very courteous and helpful, and the passport one receives with the room key takes one right to the head of any line at the coffee shop, Eagles Nest, or other dining rooms.

Located on the third floor, The Porch offers a delightful coffee shop, rocking chair porch area to look over the balcony and watch all the activities on the floors below with the escalators carrying guests up and down to the third level. There's live music on the little bandstand in the park area, an old-fashioned popcorn machine and drinks available while one listens to the music, and fascinating little shops.

The gift shop was having a very nice sale on summer handbags, an event I'm unable to resist, and signs foretell the arrival in the complex of a bookshop and a place to have a Big Mac attack. There's so much to see, do and enjoy.

As all Hyatt hotels, so is the Indy establishment. They furnish shower caps (something I'm apt to forget to pack), loverly shampoo, bubble bath, and even a gold-foil-wrapped chocolate mint with a "good night" card in seven languages on one's pillow and the bed turned down for the night.

The decor was difficult to adjust to, but after the third day I rather enjoyed the vibrant red, white and blue with the chocolate brown carpet, even in the bathroom! The block print bedspreads carried out the same colors and after the first shock were very attractive. The quiet was so much more in evidence than in some of the motels and hotels I've stayed in recently.

Just a short jaunt out the door and across an alleyway is Ayres and that's always a "must" while in Indy. The decorating rooms on the sixth floor in the process of change, some were empty, but those completed were in earth tones and only a small pillow or lamp of a vivid accent color...the rest was restful "blah."

Lunch in the revolving Eagles Nest on the 20th floor of the H-R was interesting, affording an interesting view of Indy and the rooftops of surviving buildings. The menu was limited, only about six entrees, but if shopping makes one hungry, it's adequate.

Visiting with old friends is always fun, whether away from home or in one's own home, and most enjoyable was a visit from Marge and Bill Fields and talk of antiques, refinishing antiques, decorating with antiques, and the delicious black locust honey in a comb they brought me. There goes the old diet!

The ridiculous part of the vacation was the four days spent riding herd on the year-old beagle named "Bill" or "Billy" or "Dammit Bill" whichever the occasion demanded. The menfolks enjoyed baseball at St. Louis while I enjoyed home alone with Bill. "We" read murder mysteries (my favorite relaxation) aand watched television, did yard-work, talked to neighbors, slept in, and chewed rawhide, played "hide the crabapple" under sofa pillows and other nifty hiding places, chased cats out of the yard, birds out of the birdbath, grasshoppers out of the flowerbed, and rolled in the grass and enjoyed. Readers can sort out which of us did what!

Observations along the way — Twelve Points DOES look better with all the renovation, the tree damage in Collett Park is much worse than I imagined from the last storm, Fort Harrison Road badly needs a guard rail along the gravel pit side before there's a terrible catastrophe, and isn't there a lot of construction going on between here and Indy?

About vacations — they're never long enough, too soon over, and planning for the next one is part of the game. That's the annual family reunion in Las Vegas, and I've just learned I'll be a greatgrand-aunt again in March! Whenever my sister becomes a great-grandmother (and she now has four) again, it sure as heck makes me a great-grand-aunt! How time flies when you're having fun.

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Community Affairs File

Oh, Victoria

Long lives the Queen!

Ts SEP 17 1978

Historically Speaking

By DOROTHY J. CLARK

What was the Victorian era? What was its particular importance for collectors, dealers, and for Museums too?

In our age of uncertainties, with chaos breaking in more than once, the pastime of finding our Victorian ancestors "amusing" has given way to a certain nostalgia.

We envy the solid faith they had in their destiny, but their bad taste we can never understand. Time will never turn their stuffed ottomans and their gutta-percha umbrella stands into desirable antiques for today's collectors.

Antiques dating before 1830 will continue to delight and bring satisfaction to many collectors. But, as they grow scarcer, through times' losses, by going abroad or into Museums, it becomes more urgent to discover Victoriana and sift the good from the bad in this era that began in 1840.

Time may prove that collectors should have devoted their efforts in researching the mid-Victorian period. Many have found it fascinating to acquire collections of Baxter prints, pot lids and valentines. Others have concentrated on such Victoriana as pastille-burner cottages, lustres, parian ware, or Staffordshire figurine groups.

Experts and scholars have proved that there were furniture, plate, jewelry, glass and textiles made in the period 1850-80 fully as deserving of collectors' attention as 17th and 18th century productions.

Queen Victoria's long reign, 1837-1901, set what we know as the Victorian era, 1840-1900. But "Victorian" is not a single style. It's Gothic, Louis XV, Louis XVI, Jacobean, Renaissance and Oriental, for all gave inspiration to Victorian designers at different times.

The earliest style, Victorian Gothic, appeared in America in the 1830's and continued as late as the 1880's, but flourished mainly in the 1840's.

Victorian Rococo had become the style by 1840 and held first place until the 1860's. This French style known as "rococo" came from the French words for rock and shell. Motifs of roses, grapes, leaves and birds were also used profusely.

Victorian Renaissance was an Italian influence and rose to hearts of Victorian collectors. popularity from 1850 to 1860's.

Victorian Classic in the 1860's was a simpler style, followed by Victorian Jacobean in the Seventies, and still later by Victorian Oriental.

Wallpaper carpet from the Victorian days was popular with families who tread softly, and might still work for gentle folk.

The floor was covered with a cheap, cotton cloth, tacked down as a carpet. Over this a wallpaper resembling a carpet in design was applied. After it was thoroughly dry, two coats of varnish were applied. With reasonable care it was supposed to last two years.

A button hook collector (she has nearly a hundred!) asked if there was a date to help classify her collection. Button shoes date back to the early 1860's. The first U.S. patent date is September, 1875.

The Victorian Era may have taken its name from the famed Queen of England, but her purity of taste did not penetrate into the arts of decoration. Quite the contrary, it permitted a strange mixture of unrelated objects, particularly in American interpretations of this English fashion.

The Victorian influence still pervades certain rooms today, which, while they do not duplicate the homes of our ancestors, preserve the traditions of chubby chairs, tiny tables, and much emphasis on bric-a-brac.

Large rooms with high ceilings are necessary. Fireplaces of marble, ornate chandeliers, heavy woodwork, and ornamental plaster ceilings help set the mood.

Large cabbage roses on the carpet, heavy valanced draperies, antimaccasars on all the overstuffed chairs, gilt-framed portraits and steel engravings, marble tops on tables and bedroom furniture, all help set the stage for Victoriana.

Ferneries, potted palms, dried grasses, Staffordshire dogs, clocks or stuffed birds under glass domes, peacock feathers, and dark red flocked wallpapers all have come to identify the Victorian room. Wicker and what-nots, cane and canaries, pier glass and paisley, all are dear to the

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Ts AUG 19 1979

Historically Speaking

By Dorothy Clark

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Ladies in crinoline, lace and ostrich feathers elegantly stepping from a horse drawn carriage into a sprawling Victorian home, lit by kerosene lamps, jammed with bric-a-brac and overstuffed chairs, escorted by a gentleman with a handlebar moustache (and he may be overstuffed also) — such is our visual memory of turn-of-the-century America.

The image is not incorrect — there were some women like that — but it is sadly incomplete. Nostalgia for the simplicity of a bygone era must not deceive us into imagining that the people in the past led happier or easier lives. It is the duty of the historian to describe the past exactly as it was, not as we might want it to have been.

According to Richard Jensen, director of the Family and Community History Center at Chicago's Newberry Library, in his talk before the Newspaper Food Editors Conference, 75 years ago life in America was much more varied than it is today. The lines between rich and poor, farm and city, north and south, black and white, immigrant and old stock, men and women were much sharper than we are accustomed to in the 1970's.

At the turn of the century, 40 percent of the population lived on farms. Except for salt, sugar and coffee, the farmers were largely self-sufficient in their food supply. Farm wives no longer worked in the fields or tended animals. They devoted all their time to cooking, cleaning and sewing for their families, and to mothering their many children.

With very poor roads, casual travel was difficult — yet neighborliness was strong, and family visits, often for an entire weekend, meant an even heavier burden on the farm women. The supply of food was ample, but the range of cooking skills was limited — meat dishes, stews, canned garden vegetables, raw milk, home-churned butter, fresh baked bread, and an abundance of fruit pies overloaded the farm table, as women prided themselves above all on the sheer quantity of foods they could prepare day in and day out.

Cooking facilities were limited. There were no refrigerators or iceboxes (though some farmers had built cooling sheds); water had to be carried into the house; many windows still had no screens to keep out flies. The chief pride of the farm wife would be her great black iron wood-burning stove, perhaps a fancy model with a hot water compartment. A generation earlier her mother probably had to make do with pots and skillets in an open fireplace.

Although a majority of Americans were non-farmers, they typically lived in villages or towns rather than big cities. Most had vegetable gardens, and some cared for a cow, pigs and chickens.

The townswoman bought most of her food staples at general stores, where farmers would trade meat, butter, eggs, cheese and milk for equipment. Flour, fish and sugar arrived by train in barrels, to be measured out by the storekeeper for each customer. The general store dispensed boots and bolts of cloth, kerosene and saddles, ropes and hardware across the narrow aisle from the food with no thought of display counters, advertising signs or weekly specials.

Without brand name foods (the first nationally advertised food, packaged biscuits, appeared in 1899) the purchaser never was quite sure what she was getting. The store, of course, had no refrigerator either. If the housewife did not carefully inspect each item she risked buying stale, moldy or infested food. Long distances between stores made comparison shopping impossible and price competition unknown.

Food for the family posed even more complex problems in the big cities. There were no supermarkets, but within a short walk of the apartment buildings there were dozens of very small speciality shops — bakers, fish mongers, green grocers, fruit stands and butcher shops. Pushcart peddlers served the tenement districts.

Wholesalers were few, so enterprising entrepreneurs like J.L. Kraft, operating on a shoestring budget, could buy cheese or produce at central markets and make daily rounds to supply the small shops.

The urban housewife could find food easily enough — her problems were in determining quality and knowing how to cook. The big cities were full of odor, dirt and disease. The water supply often was unsafe, making the enormous consumption of beer and whiskey more explicable.

In all big cities, there were as many saloons per capita as there are drug stores, gas stations and restaurants, combined, today.

The milk supply was often contaminated with tuberculin bacilli. Neighborhood breweries often kept a dairy herd to make use of the slops left over in brewing. Tuberculosis was the leading cause of death — a more dangerous threat than cancer today. Infants were especially susceptible to water-borne diseases — 20 to 25 percent of newborn babies would never celebrate their fifth birthday.

Mortality was highest in the vast slum neighborhoods that lacked sewers and pure water, and where peddlers would sell contaminated or spoiled food because it was cheap and unsuspecting housewives were fatalistic and ignorant. When middle class housewives realized that epidemics spreading from squalid neighborhoods could affect their own families, they exerted pressure to enact and enforce pure food and drug laws and public health measures. Not until the 1920s, however, were these reform movements successful in guaranteeing that city food and water were safe for human consumption.

Most of the housewives in the large cities were foreign born or only one generation removed from the peasant villages of Europe. Their families could afford better food than the gruel and black bread of the peasant societies they had escaped, but many of the women did not know how to cook meat or vegetables or bake with white flour.

The best way to learn was for single girls to work as servants for middle class women who could teach them the rudiments of cooking and cleaning. Settlement houses, like Jane Addams' Hull House in Chicago, and scores of counterparts in every metropolis, tried to teach cooking, sewing and housekeeping skills to immigrant girls, but with hundreds of thousands of new arrivals in America every year they were overwhelmed by the challenge. The public schools began home economics courses, but

The fin de siecle 'good old days,' had their problems, too

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very few of the poorer women ever reached 8th grade, let alone high school. Food columns in the newspapers reached only middle class housewives who could read.

Jumping forward a generation to 1930, dramatic changes become visible. The food situation for the average American improved because wealth was greater, education standards had risen sharply, technology had entered the home, and the food industry developed.

The American economy was three times more productive, and with population growth and the declining size of families taken into account, this meant 50 percent more income per capita. Even at the depth of the Great Depression in 1933, percapita GNP was no lower than in the "prosperous" year 1903. More wealth meant that a smaller proportion of the family budget went for food. Higher educational standards were created by an expansion of the school system, the introduction of home economics courses, and a broadening of newspaper coverage to include features and advertising of special interest to housewives. Recipes were clipped, copied and passed around; cookbooks became best sellers. Schoolgirls from ethnic neighborhoods could explain to their mothers and friends the basic principles of careful shopping, good nutrition and balanced diets.

The technological impact of the automobile and electricity transformed the housewives' world. Rural women could drive to larger towns for shopping, and were no longer constrained by the narrow selection and poor quality of the general store. Electric lighting and telephones made homes more pleasant and less isolated, while appliances like electric irons, washing machines, toasters, vacuum cleaners and refrigerators took much of the drudgery out of housework.

Indoor plumbing was available in most homes. The wood-burning stove had given way to simpler, cleaner and more efficient gas ranges. Most families had ice boxes to store food purchases and leftovers, while middle class women were rushing to buy mechanical refrigerators.

Even more dramatic were changes in the manner food was delivered to the consumer. The supermarket, "invented" only in 1916, spread rapidly through urban areas, displacing small specialty stores and "ma and pa" operations, not to mention the once ubiquitous pushcart peddler.

The store managers were trained to turn over inventory rapidly, and to compete through advertised sales, unit pricing (no haggling over the price of potatoes), and implicit guarantees of the quality of the food offered. The supermarkets presupposed sophisticated shoppers.

Self service meant the housewife had to evaluate the quality and relative prices of goods without help. Stale or spoiled merchandise would alienate customers. Large food wholesalers emerged whose systematic distribution system and standardized pricing permitted store managers to control their inventory without worrying what to do about stale loaves of bread or shortages of canned peas.

Higher capitalization meant supermarkets could stock full lines of goods. Expensive refrigerators meant that meat and dairy products could be handled more profitably by large stores, and that housewives could be less fearful about buying spoiled food.

Heavy advertising, especially in newspapers and magazines, promoted brand loyalties, thus stimulating the growth of national markets for large manufacturers and encouraging those manufacturers to develop new products. The uniformity in weight and quality guaranteed by the brand name took much of the guesswork out of both shopping and cooking.

Next week's column will continue Jensen's saga of the changing patterns of family life.

Some crises of the Twentieth Century reviewed

Historically Speaking

By Dorothy Clark

TS AUG 26 1979

Today's column continues Richard Jensen's remarks before the Newspaper Food Editors Conference. The youngest professor of both History and Sociology and director of the Office of Social and Demographic History at the University of Illinois, Jensen is director of the Family and Community History Center at Chicago's Newberry Library, the country's leading research center in family history.

The crises of depression and war disrupted the dreams of millions of housewives and mothers. The depression affected the vast majority of American families, hitting hardest the unemployed factory and construction workers, coal miners and low-skilled laborers.

When the head of the family lost his traditional role as breadwinner, the burden on the wife became enormous. She had to economize on food, switching to soups, potatoes and cheaper cuts of meat, if any at all. Candy became a "treat" again. The glamour appliance of the depression decade was the pressure cooker, treasured because nutritional standards could be maintained while cooking cheaper foods.

With nearly half the population on relief at one time or another, the women — the Ma Joads in "Grapes of Wrath" — were called upon to provide the critical emotional and psychological support to keep families together. A product of the mother-dominated family life of the 1930's was the adoption by teenage girls of the ideal model of their heroic mothers. When these girls matured they produced the great baby boom of the 1940s and 1950s.

Franklin Roosevelt's famous statement in 1937 that one third of the nation was "ill-housed, ill-clad and ill-nourished" probably underestimated the extent of the tragedy. The worst hit group in America were southern blacks. Study after study showed that the vast majority of blacks were severely undernourished, for their traditional diet of corn meal, fatback, chitterlings, black-eyed peas and collard greens was supplying neither the minimum vitamin, protein nor even caloric needs.

What else could be expected on budgets that averaged 4 to 5 cents per meal per person? The reasons for the dilemma were twofold— the cotton economy was severely depressed, and, worse, the rural South was simply overpopulated. Too many people produced the elementary Malthusian result: severe malnutrition, endemic pellagra, even starvation. The only solution was escape, as the millions of southern blacks who fled north in the 1940s and 1950s could testify.

No one pretended the slums of St. Louis, Chicago, Detroit and Harlem were paradise, but at least there was hope. The number of black farm families plunged from 680,000 in 1940 to barely 70,000 today— as dramatic an exodus as American history provides.

If the 1930s focused on the feminine, nutritive virtues, the war years gloried in masculinity. The heroes were the soldiers, especially the Air Corps fliers, risking their lives to defend their country. Women suffered silently, not knowing when their families might be disrupted, or whether their sons, husbands and boyfriends would return alive and well.

Unemployment was gone, and there was money aplenty during the war boom. But with millions of wives taking factory jobs, with ratio and shortages of meat, sugar, shoes and other necessities, with the unavailability of household appliances, the housewives faced additional strains. The army canteens and the factory cafeterias were poor substitutes for home cooking.

The war did not last so long, nor were casualities so high, that a permanent scar was left on society. Instead, V-J Day brought a new determination to make up for lost time. The remarkable expansion of the economy during the 1940s and early 1950s enabled millions of families to buy a car and a house, add new appliances and indulge in the fresh fruits and succulent steaks that had so long been unavailable.

The suburban age had dawned, with the idealized housewife and mother at the center, and togetherness the national faith. Families moved to larger houses, preferably in the suburbs, so that their children could enjoy fresh air, good schools and good food. Cleanliness became almost a fetish for the modern housewife.

Although her massive array of new

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appliances, together with better fabrics and detergents and less polluted air, made housework much easier than ever before, the time devoted to washing, polishing and dusting did not decline but actually increased.

Standards of how white shirts should be were set by television commercials and reinforced by the judgement of neighbors. The test of a woman's achievement was how well cared for her family was. Housewives consequently insisted that food be prewashed, protected with preservatives and wrapped securely in cellophane or wax paper.

The neighborhood ma and pa store was hopelessly obsolete, not to mention the farmers' markets and pushcart peddlers of yore. Technology was a faith, as homebaked bread vanished, all milk was pasteurized and homogenized, and bulk food, whether from flour barrel or cheese wheel became unacceptably "old-fashioned."

The supermarket now reigned supreme, a temple of consumer delights for the woman shopper. Food manufacturers lent their research and marketing skills to compete for the shopper's attention and loyalty. The great majority of young wives had taken home economics courses, and, with their intense reading of food pages, cookbooks and women's magazines, became better shoppers and cooks than their mothers or grandmothers had ever been.

The family meal became something of a ritual — a communion service honoring the high consumption society. True, poverty persisted, but less of it than ever before and it was less noticed. The nutritional intake of poor families, far below average not long before, almost caught up with the national norm. Vitamin deficiency succumbed not so much to the billions of big smelly pills people swallowed as to the general availability of well-prepared meals that were the hallmark of the successful mother. If any new appliance symbolized the suburban age it was the deep freeze, with its ever-full cornucopia of nourishment for everyone.

Today, much of that suburban ideal still flourishes, especially among older women. Yet a profound shift in values has occurred, primarily among younger, well-educated groups, but spreading slowly throughout society. The symptoms are all about us — freedom of sexual expression, expanded drug usage, the blurring of rigid gender lines in jobs, clothes and aspirations, the weakening of the churches.

The most disturbing change is the loss of confidence in expertise — in science, technology, education, management, and especially in government. The cynicism about corruption in government hardly needs recounting. But consider the growing distrust of organized medicine, the soaring malpractice suits against physicians, and the negligence of parents in not having their children inoculated.

The family ideal of the suburban age is fast receding. Cohabitation, divorce, abortion and the rejection of large families, as well as women's demands for equal opportunities in the job market and a distaste for the housewife's role are all sharply on the increase.

The family meal yields to TV dinners and quickie lunches at fast food outlets. The supermarket itself is threatened by the convenience store, and responds by stocking an ever larger proportion of non-food items. The ideal household appliance has become the microwave oven — symbolic of the rejection of the once dominant role of the mother in favor of the career woman without time to prepare elaborate meals. Food habits change rapidly, as one fad diet sweeps away the last. Fiber seems to be the rage this year.

Distrust of expertise carries over to suspicion of the supermarket chains as price gougers — an incorrect image but one all too strongly reinforced by the roller coaster prices of meat, sugar and coffee in recent years.

Worse, hypersensitive consumers begin to fear that processed food is poisoned. The reaction against additives, reinforced by the controversy over saccharine, expresses itself in a demand for "natural" foods, even for organically grown "health" food that has never known pesticides or chemical fertilizers. How far these trends will carry the consumer toward the bizarre is a matter of free speculation.

There is a brighter side to this new era of searching for personal expression, notably the new interest in gourmet cooking. The bookstores carry ever wider selections of exotic cuisine cookbooks that anyone can experiment with. The interest in the taste and texture of food, rather than in charts of balanced diets, may yet lead to the rediscovery of eating as neither chore nor family ritual, but rather as an intimate expression of individuality. Perhaps, then, the crepe maker, the Cuisinart and the electric wok will become the symbols of the the 1980s.

again

Hippie generation made 'bummer' popula

historically speaking

By DOROTHY CLARK

Ts MAY 10 1981

The hippie generation made the term "bummer" popular again without knowing it was used as early as the 1700s in England, Scotland and Ireland. A "bum" in the 1811 Dictionary of the Vulgar Tongue was the breech or backside, and a "bum brusher" was a schoolmaster.

In those days, a "bum trip" was the sheriff's officer who arrested debtors, and the term "bummed" meant to be arrested. Modern dictionaries show a bum to be shiftless, dissolute person, an habitual loafer or tramp.

The terminiology came to America with its first settlers, but it was not until the Civil War that it became universally popular.

Along about 1855, a boy was picked up on the streets of New York City by one of the groups of ladies who gathered up orphans without homes or friends. They were placed in the Five Points School until good foster homes could be found. This particular boy, William D. Rodgers, was placed with a farmer in Tazewell county, Ill., just prior to the Civil War.

He enlisted as a drummer in Company B, 73rd Illinois, when it was organized. At the age of 15 or 16 years, he was believed to be of Irish parentage because of his quick wit, and soon became friends with the entire company. Since he always referred to himself as "Poor Bum," he became known as "Bum Rodgers."

Old Irish Song

He often sang an Irish song with the closing line of each verse, "Bummer, Beware! and snoozers, take care!" When asked about the song, he explained he learned it as a bummer in New York.

The orphan boys had organized for mutual protection against police raids and others who were continually rousting them at night out of their usual haunts in empty boxes, barrels, hogsheads, etc., where they were trying to keep warm and sleep.

One of the boys was always placed on guard to give the alarm of the enemy's approach, and this song was used as a signal. The words, "Bummers, beware! and snoozers take care!" would be followed by a general stampede.

Because of his frequent use of these words, he soon became known in the regiment as "Company B's Bummer." Before long this name was given to all musicians of the regiment. By degrees it became customary to apply it to company cooks, hostlers, teamsters, hospital nurses and orderlies.

By the spring of 1864, bummer had become a common name for all persons who did not actually carry arms and do duty in the ranks. This was true not only in the 73rd, but in other regiments of the brigade and division.

Everyman a "Bummer"

From that time on, old comrades who were in the Atlanta campaign told how common the name became, and how it was applied to every man who was away from his command, no matter for how short a time.

The pioneers were "Bummers;" the man who fell out of ranks on a march was a "Bummer;" the foragers, above all others, were "Bummers," and Bum Rodgers was admitted by all to be the "King Bee" in the swarm of bumming foragers.

So when the army left Atlanta on its famous "March to the Sea," and the entire marching column became foragers, it was only natural that they should all become "Bummers," and with the training they had received from Bum Rodgers and his friends, were very successful, and no history of the Civil War is complete in which "Sherman's Bummers" do not have a very prominent place.

Rodgers was noted for his ability to pass the most vigilant guard ever placed around a camp. Captured by the Confederates, he was sent to prison in Richmond, where he feigned rheumatism so well he was soon exchanged and returned to his company.

Caught But Once

In all his foraging expeditions, he was caught only once. General McCook and his staff happened to ride along as Bum was appropriating the contents of a very heavy bee-gum tree. He talked his way out of the predicament and was allowed to take the bee-gum honey back to his company.

Rodgers was an expert chuck-a-luck player and managed to accumulate several hundred dollars. This was sent to his friends in Illinois to be saved until after his army discharge.

Described as a good soldier, warm-hearted, generous and always the leader of his mess, whether for good or devilment, it was predicted that should Bum Rodgers meet up with any of his comrades in the hereafter, they might well say, "Bummers, beware! snoozers, take care!"

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Clark, Dorothy J.

T s DEC 1 2 1982

Man's best friend

By DOROTHY J. CLARK

Have you ever noticed how many old folk stories are still going the rounds? No matter where you travel, you run into the dog with the cold nose.

Homer, an Illinois farmer, was very proud of his prize chickens and guarded them closely. One dark night he was awakened about 3 a.m. by suspicious cackling down at the hen house.

He leaped out of bed, clad only in his old-fashioned nightshirt, grabbed his shotgun and rushed out of the house to catch the thief. He didn't know that his hound dog was following close behind.

At the hen house, with gun poised, he stooped down quietly to shoot the fox he thought was underneath. His nightshirt rode up. His old dog nosed him in a sensitive area, and he pulled the trigger, killing a half-dozen of his prize poultry.

True story? Maybe. It seemed a good way to brighten up your day.

Then there's the green snake story. Seems a little green snake was hidden in some hanging plants and *when the lady of the house brought the plants in to protect them on a cold night, out came the snake.*

She screamed. Her husband was taking a bath, leaped out of the tub and ran to the rescue stark (or buck, if you prefer) naked. When he got down on the floor to look under the sofa for the snake, his dog cold-nosed him from the rear.

He thought it was the snake and fainted. His wife thought he'd had a heart attack and called an ambulance.

The ambulance men rushed in and loaded the man on a stretcher and started carrying him out. The snake came crawling from under the sofa and the ambulance men saw it and dropped the stretcher and broke the fellow's leg. And that's why he was in the hospital.

This cold-nosed dog is all over the place when it comes to fanciful tales, just like the broken leg. Funny, but almost all these "true" stories use it for a snapper. Either the stretcher-bearer laughs so hard he falls and breaks his leg, or he drops his burden and breaks the victim's leg.

Here's a true tale for all you hunters. A local woman swears it's so. Some years ago, she says, her husband and brother were hunting pheasants in Pennsylvania with Prince, a welltrained bird dog. They had left for a full day that morning, with Prince in the trunk of the family car.

So she was startled to see her brother drive in, alone, early that afternoon with Prince on the seat beside him. She was concerned until her brother, grinning, got out, walked back to the trunk and opened it.

"A wet, smelly, cussing husband climbed out," she said. The men took one look at each other and *started laughing so hard she couldn't find out what had happened for several minutes.*

Her husband, it developed, had shot a pheasant, which fell into dense brush. Prince took off after it. Unable to see the dog, he tried to follow but fell through some rotted planks into a deep hole.

He rapidly realized it had been the outhouse for an abandoned picnic grounds. Meanwhile, obedient Prince came to the hole with the bird. Unable to hand it to his master, he shoved it over the edge.

Brother arrived to help both bird and hunter out of the hole. After a brief wash in a nearby creek, the expedition headed for home, with Prince on the front seat and her husband in the trunk.

"Even Prince was laughing that day!" she said. "It happened many years ago, but we all still laugh at it."

Wonderful how a fun experience like that can brighten up life for multitudes, year after year. Reader's contributions are much enjoyed — usable or not in future columns.

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BETWEEN THE LINES

THE STORY BEHIND THE STORY...

By Josie

Karen Allen

SPEAKING OF "SATURDAY NIGHT LIVE"... Matty Simmons, the man who gave John Belushi, Chevy Chase, Gilda Radner, Bill Murray and others their starts through his "National Lampoon" shows (and who also produced the movies "Animal House," the new "Class Reunion" and the upcoming "Vacation") was in the mood to talk about his stars the other day.

"John Belushi was magic. He could do anything," he said. "The day before he died, he'd agreed to star in our next movie, 'National Lampoon's Joy of Sex.' He was going to age in the role from conception to 30. Now, of course, we have to rewrite the whole thing — who else do you know who can act like an embryo?"

As for Chevy Chase, "He's totally clean now, doesn't smoke, doesn't drink — oh, maybe his biggest vice is two cigarettes a day. And in the 'Vacation' movie he doesn't play Chevy for once, he actually acts. And he's good — but I always knew that those guys were great actors."

Karen Allen, another discovery, he wasn't that sure about. "When she first auditioned, boy, was she terrible," he says. "A great looking girl but a terrible actress. We cast her in 'Animal House' anyway, figuring that she looked so good, it wouldn't matter what she did. But she surprised us — she suddenly blossomed on the screen." As we've always thought, talent is everything...

Q. Please settle an argument we're having about McLean Stevenson. First, I want to know his age and then whether Skip Stephenson is his son. Kathryn Caputo, Clementon, N.J.

A. He's 52, just — born November 14, 1930. No, Skip Stephenson isn't his son — just a similarity in names. And if you're a fan of McLean's, you may also want to know what he plans to do next: a pilot for NBC called "Condo" about a group of TV-type swingers at a condo complex in California.

Sounds a little like "Three's Company" hangs out at the pool, but it's probably better than just playing golf, which is what McLean has been doing the most of lately, or guest stints with Johnny Carson. Still, he has a special fondness for Carson's "Tonight Show" — he met his wife, a "Tonight Show" talent coordinator, there.

McLean Stevenson

. I would like to know where I can rite to Matt Dillon, the star of Tex." I'm a very big fan of his. .L. Nicoli, Willow, Ak.

. Here's the address: P.O. Box 00, Old Chelsea Station, New ork, New York 10011; but be repared for a bit of a wait. "Matt s getting so much mail that it's eally getting out of hand," is the ord from his manager's office. 'Once a month, we get a call from he postman screaming 'Hey, this sn't a warehouse, you know... ome pick this stuff up!' It's piling p and we're trying to work omething out now."

As for Matt himself, he's been too busy to do anything but work. "These Susie Hinton projects came up back to back and I just had to do them," he growled to us during a recent visit to New York, in between finishing "The Outsiders" and starting his next, "Rumble Fish." ("Tex" is also based on one of her books.)

"I love the things she writes about, so even though it seems like I've spent the last year in Oklahoma instead of being home, I couldn't turn down any of these things." The results of all this work: a delayed graduation from Mamaroneck (New York) High and that growl, a voice that has come, he says, from a lot of work and too many cigarettes.

Tom Snyder

MAYBE RONA BARRETT NEEDS AN ASSISTANT... Tom Snyder resurfaced on the air the beginning of September as the local news anchor for ABC in New York amid much hoopla and, according to Snyder anyway, high spirits. "I really like doing the 11 o'clock news," he said. "It's controlled here not on high by a network bureaucracy. I've had as much network politicking and B.S. as I can take."

So much, in fact, that he insists he wouldn't take a network job now even if they begged him to do it. (Two years from now, however, he admits he doesn't know what he'd say.) But the first rating reports seem to make any network begging unlikely: Snyder is running dead last in the three-way 11 p.m. race, posting the lowest ratings that show has had in several years.

Memories are tinted with lavender

Clark, Dorothy

By Dorothy J. Clark

Historically speaking

T s JAN 1 1984

Don't tell me small children aren't marked for life by attending funerals during their tender years! It's barbaric to subject youngsters to ritualistic last rites when they neither knew nor would remember the one who was being laid to rest.

Dad's family in Michigan were prone to die suddenly following a heavy meal or over-indulgence in alcoholic beverages. Uncles and aunts departed this vale at the rate of one a year.

A yearly automobile trip from Terre Haute, Ind., to Jackson, Mich., was the inevitable result of this slowly decreasing branch of the Fox family. We attended last rites for Uncle Gib (named for his grandfather, Gilbert Marenus Fox), for Uncle Rome (really Jerome), for Aunt Mate (a nickname for Mary), Aunt Nell, and assorted other cousins, in-laws, and their spouses.

Maybe it was the trend in the Twenties and Thirties to decorate undertaking parlors in shades of lavender. At least it was in Michigan. It certainly was the custom to line the caskets in all shades and hues of lavender. How well I remember!

Since that time, I've associated that color with crying relatives, being shushed and forced to sit quietly while sad organ music played in the background, and long, tedious rides to the cemetery. The overwhelming aroma of funeral flowers still produces a wave of nausea, but I've learned to breathe shallowly and survive.

Like Pavlova's success in training his dogs, all anyone had to do was wave a piece of lavender cloth in front of my eyes and I would start to cry. I ran screaming out of a neighbor's bedroom one day when Mother was invited to pass judgement on a new bedspread. They never did find out why I was so affected by it, but that neighbor looked askance at me ever after. Poor soul, she's long since buried six feet under (probably in lavender).

Fortunately, lavender has never been a popular fashion color. Giving it a wide berth has never been a problem for me. If someone wears it in my presence, I've learned to tolerate it (not run screaming), but I'll look in every other direction if possible.

Funny, I love violets — the wood variety as well as the African — but then they're more purple, aren't they? One summer I even was so brave as to buy a plum-colored dress and loved to wear it. This proved it was only lavender I couldn't abide.

Shopping in department stores I can spot lavender half the store away and detour around the blighted spot. The secret is not to look directly at it. Pretend it isn't there. More than a few seconds and the organ starts to peal and I'm ready for the memories of grieving mourners filing by the coffin, hankies in hand, ready for the last look.

Being accused of having one's bladder placed directly behindone's eyeballs is a terrible handicap. I'm no good to this day at expressing proper sympathy to a bereaved friend. They must wonder why I decline to "view" the dear departed and seldom walk beyond the visitor's register book.

I'd rather remember friends and loved ones as they were in life. I don't want to recall them lying in their coffins all cosmetically prepared. Closed casket visitations are much more humane. The overused phrase, "doesn't he (or she) look natural," can only be appreciated by the presiding funeral director or embalmer. I never saw my friends lying flat out in a box with their eyes closed, wearing their eyeglasses and dressed in their best, so how could they "look natural?"

I know people who have a perfect horror of lying in state and being breathed on by all the viewers. These people should specify in their wills how they wish to leave this earth. Funeral directors appreciate having explicit instructions as to what to do with the so-called remains.

And then there's what I call the dedicated viewers — those who never miss a visitation regardless of the slight degree of acquaintance. These people are like comparison shoppers, gauging the cost of the funeral, the number of family and friends in attendance, how the bereaved spouse is bearing up, etc. Some of these people carefully examine each floral offering and its card.

It's been pointed out to me that life is truly a gamble, that those who survive meet to speed the loser on his (or her) way. At the same time, they can all congratulate themselves on slipping past the Grim Reaper one more time. Big families can lean on one another in times of stress, but no lavender for me, please.

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historic items

It is impossible to preserve all

T s FEB 2 6 1984

Clark, Dorothy

Historically speaking

Clark is Vigo County's official historian and formerly worked for The Terre Haute Tribune.

By Dorothy Clark
Special to The Tribune-Star

Passed from one generation to another by word of mouth, traditional customs, beliefs, songs, tall tales and the like are defined as "folklore." Stories and characters which are the product of a single writer or of the media are sometimes called "fakelore."

What ever the terminology, the folklore of the Wabash Valley spans the years from the earliest Indian and pioneer days to modern times.

Stories were told around the glowing campfires on the trails, in front of the fireplace in the log cabin, around the big heating stove in the general store, where ever men gathered at the mill, feed store, blacksmith shop, or local tavern, and where the women gathered around the quilting frame, in the kitchen, or on the veranda in the cool of the evening.

Children picked up the stories from their elders when ever they were allowed to participate in social life (seen but not heard), and so the chain was unbroken from generation to generation. Word of mouth was unreliable as to facts, but the embroidery enhanced the story according to the glib tongue of the story teller.

Things look different by firelight, and a flickering fireplace con conjure up all kinds of images. Things look different by candlelight and lamplight. Electricity eliminated the lantern shadows that made the old stories much more believable.

Old diaries, journals and letters should be read by the light of a coal oil lamp. This puts the reader in the proper mood for long-forgotten events experienced by ancestors long gone to their Heavenly rest.

As the light flickers in a draft, the handwriting on the paper is brown or gold, not stark black on white. Thoughts are different, too, in the soft light of a lamp. Things belong to their own time, their own place.

What bothers this writer are the old family papers that are needlessly destroyed. I watched helplessly while a neighbor touched a match to boxes of letters, etc. from the attic of an old family home. The estate had to be settled, the house cleared for the eager buyer, and there was no one left in the family to care about the old letters and diaries.

The fire caught the dry papers, and I wondered if some scholar in some future time might not have given his eyeteeth for the records being burned. Historians think that way, losing sleep over documents they believe precious, but other people regard as clutter. Primary source material was being burned, and the heat was not even needed to sustain life. History went up in smoke.

On the other hand, some history should be allowed to go. A long-time resident of Terre Haute deplores (with me) the fire-gutted Preston House being allowed to stand abandoned at 13½ and Poplar Streets.

When helpless people are beyond medical help and only exist with the help of machines, other people feel

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it is kinder to pull the plug and let the dignity of death take over.

If, as it seems, there is no hope for the old house, no more hundreds of thousands of dollars available in grants, etc. for restoration (even if there is not enough original there t o restore), then why can't the ruins be allowed to finally die, to be bulldozed and cleared, and let the neighbors, passers-by and local history buffs enjoy remembering the Preston House as it was in its heyday?

Goodness knows there are plenty of maps, scale drawings, artists' renderings, photographs, architects' measurements and specifications, expert descriptions of both its interior and exterior.

Those of us who were acquainted with the former owner, Natalie Preston Smith, know she would deplore its present state, its open doors and visits from nosey ghouls more interested in the ghost stories that were only a small part of the history of the house.

This writer had visited Mrs. Smith too many times not to know what her thinking was concerning the possible future of her house. Circumstances prevented it from being a DAR Chapter House as she had planned.

The Vigo County Historical Society had neither the opportunity nor the funds to do anything with it. The lack of success with the historic Markle House was another disappointment for the community

Qualified architects and knowledgeable contractors examined the fire-damaged structure, shook their heads, and sadly agreed the old house was doomed. The longer it sits, the faster its deterioration (especially after suffering a winter's snow and rain). Isn't it time for the city to pull the plug? Efforts should be combined to save or improve worthier historical sites still intact.

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everysing is...

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It's 'Neiyohr' and wonderfuller

Clark, Dorothy - Holidays Special Dyslexia

Community Affairs
Ts JAN 20 1985

Historically speaking

Clark is Vigo County's official historian and formerly worked for The Terre Haute Tribune.

By Dorothy Clark
Special to The Tribune-Star

A yellowed clipping some 35 years old from a Pennsylvania newspaper furnished the idea for today's column. Fortunately, it reads more smoothly than my IBM copes with German spelling. Members of the local Oberlandlers Club will forgive any errors. Just read fast and enjoy!

"Yah wohl," or yes well, here it is again now, that "Grischdaak" or Christmas, is past once more and the "Neiyohr" or New Year, is already a week older so soon. "Neunzig hunert funf und achtzig (1985) dummlesich mit" or hurries itself along. I guess it's a good thing now, that I didn't any "ferschpreches" or promises, make, because they're all broken for sure if I did. I never was an easy mark for making such promise resolutions anyhow, they chust in trouble get you always.

Our "Grischtbaem" or Christmas tree, is "uffdrickeld" or dried up, and for once sure begins to look "ferdriebt" or dejected. The "glitzerich balls n' schee lectrichlichter" or shining balls and pretty electric light bulbs, now droop lower and lower down with dust all over.

The "tzuckerschtocke" or candy canes, them we gave to the kids that stop in to see for somesing good. The pink and white popcorn that I made through with a "bendel" or string like chains for the tree, them we ate, even the clear-toy baskets.

Strict orders I have given to make it down soon too, the whole business, putz and all. Since I'm not rested right from our poking around in the old year yet, I'm chust not ready to begin so soon in the new. I thought once we could keep it up for maybe a monthor two and maybe till the sird week in Chanuary it stays, but no longer, iss my werdict. So out it comes then I guess maybe. It spites me so to take it down so soon too, when years ago we kept them longer, till "Oschdre" or Easter almost.

"Dale leit tzerickwinsche allfert" or some people wish backwards always, but that way I ain't. When I look at the "schpielsache" or playthings, kids now get, I chust think it can't be, they're so "wunnerbar" or wonderful. But we had some good ones, too. Chust for argument, one of the kids I know hereabouts got one of them "schpellballe" or pinball machines, like you see sometimes in stores and entertainment places, only smaller.

It has such a pusher on that you pull back when you put the "glicker" or marble in front of. Then when you let go, it makes the glicker go around till it drops in a "loch" or hole, with a "nummer" or number in. You can play it the table on or the floor, both. Only you don't have to put a "fimfbenz scthtick" or a 5-cent piece in, like the "Abbedek" or drug store kind. Besides the nickel ones ring bells, flash lights on and do everything but make the "baandschpiele" or band play. And such capers people make to "schittle" or shimmy, the ball into a high number.

Ennihaw, this one is a "gleener" or little one, without such fancy noisemakers or lights. But the kids, yes the old ones too, "schpassmache" or fun make, with it. It brought to mind, one of the real old Dutch marble games that was "haandgemacht" or handmade, and was a great favorite chust before the turn of the "yohrhunnert" or century.

Only then we called it a "glicktech glicker" or lucky marble game. You started the glicker out at the top and down it rolled on inclines between two posts, dropping from a hole in one incline to another, till the bottom it reached. Then it would roll out on such a board about "fimfzeh bei tzwansich tzoll" of 15 by 10 inches, that had "faerteltzoll" or one-quarter inch deep holes for the marbles to stop in with such numbers in for scoring.

And the holes, too, in front of

Vigo County Public Library

them, had "naggele" or nails to deflect the marbles. It made it harder for them not to stop in but to roll out of. Those that rolled to the bottom of the board counted "nix" or nossing. Everysing was of wood but "der naggele n'heffnerei glickere" or the nails and pottery marbles. Only on this game, you couldn't put body Englisch or fancy twists, all the same chance had.

That was the start of pinballing, and it's now over 85 years past. The oldboys that handmade them back in the 18[illegible]s near "Die Barcks-Lengeschd[illegible] Kaunty Lein" or the Berks-Lan[illegible]aster County Line, would turn over in "ihre graewer" or their graves, if they knew what a big business they first started. Of those old games now, I guess they're not many around anymore. Once they broke, they were only good for kindling wood.

When I wonder sometimes about the big improvements in everysing, I can't help but think how much wonderfuller everything is in this day and age now than before. Ain't so?

Ts MAR 17 1985

Who was first? First at what is the better question

Clark, Dorothy + History

Historically speaking

Clark is Vigo County's official historian and formerly worked for The Terre Haute Tribune.

By Dorothy Clark
Special to The Tribune-Star

It has never been entirely safe to state that anything or anybody was ever the first. Disputes raged over who was the first white child born in a township or a county, the first bridge, road, school, church, teacher, preacher, coal mine. The list goes on and on.

But who would have believed there would be a controversy over the first carriage brought to Terre Haute? The statement that the first carriage was brought here by Lucius H. Scott was immediately corrected by saying that William C. Linton brought the first carriage in 1827.

It was in 1873 that these carriages were proven to be not the first but the second and third, maybe. George B. Richardson told of arriving at Fort Harrison in 1816 when he was only 12. He recalled, "I have a distinct recollection of a fine carriage with calash top, and silver mounted harness to match, which my father, Joseph Richardson, brought to this country in June 1816, 11 years before Linton's carriage arrived. It was used frequently by the officers of the fort and their ladies in taking rides over the smooth level prairie, with neither fences nor roads to disturb their course.

"On one occasion in attempting to cross Honey Creek (no road work had been done yet) the carriage capsized in the creek. The top was broken in pieces, and the occupants got a good wetting. The carriage was never repaired, as there were no mechanics here at that time capable of making such repairs. This carriage was manufactured in Connecticut, brought out to western New York to Geneseo, and bought there by my father. It was taken over the Allegheny mountains to the headwaters of the Allegheny river and brought down that stream and down the Ohio to the mouth of the Wabash, up that stream to the old Fort Harrison in our family emigrant boat built at Olean, N.Y., coming the whole distance by water, starting May first, arriving on the 4th of July 1816, with the so-called Markle Party."

There was a reunion on June 12, 1866, to celebrate the landing, 50 years before, of the first boatload of emigrants on or near what is now Terre Haute with a view to permanent settlement in the Wabash Valley. The old settlers met at the home of Judge R. H. Wedding, about two miles east of the city on the National Road.

On what might be called a family boat, the group was under the command of Capt. Daniel Stringham, Major John Bond, formerly of Terre Haute, and Colonel Webb who afterwards settled on Gill's Prairie, Sullivan County, Ind.

They landed first at Indian Orchard, or Gordon's Bend, on the east bank of the river, about where the Pillsbury Plant is now. This first boatload in the Markle group chose to land June 12 instead of making a grand entrance July 4.

Of these three families, five survivors were present for the reunion. They were Zebina C. Hovey's, wife of Bloomington, Iowa; Mrs. Judge Wedding and Mrs. Gilkey, living near Crawfordsville; all the children of Capt. Stringham; and Mrs. Jones of Fayette Township with Mrs. Johnson, her neighbor, both daughters of Major Bond. They entertained each other by telling what they remembered about the voyage and showing relics brought from "York State."

This writer has tried to ferret out other "famous firsts" in this area. The first free delivery of goods by a wheeled vehicle was established in the early 1860s by Edsall & McDougal Dry Goods merchants at the southwest corner of Fourth and

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Community Affairs File

Main Streets. A small two-wheeled cart, with a box behind the seat, a tiny white pony drawing it, and an 8-year-old boy driving it was a sign of the times in Terre Haute.

In the early days local grocers did not sell fresh vegetables, fruits or berries. People raised their own or bought them at the Market House or from wagons. About 1874 Lou Brothers started the first Green Grocery at the northwest corner of Sixth and Ohio Streets. Immediately the grocers put in stocks of green things.

Some claim that James Davis, grocer on the south side of Main Street, near Third Street, started his grocery wagon before Edsall & McDougal started their little cart, but this is another little historical mystery. At any rate, Davis started the first grocery wagon.

The first mayor of the *town* of Terre Haute was Elijah Tillotson (1791-1857) who was elected May 10 and resigned Oct. 1, 1838. He was buried in Woodlawn Cemetery. He is not to be confused with the first mayor of the *city* of Terre Haute, William K. Edwards. He was elected May 30, 1853, following the incorporation of Terre Haute as a city in April.

The first postmaster of Fort Harrison was Curtis Gilbert. He is not to be confused with John M. Coleman who was the first postmaster at Terre Haute. The first census was taken by Charles T. Noble in 1829 and was not an official federal nose count.

Research shows that the first chewing gum was commercially sold in 1848 in the United States by John B. Curtis of Bangor, Maine. That was a sad day in the minds of many. The next year, 1849, the safety pin was patented.

As for the first doctor, lawyer, merchant, chief — they were Dr. Charles B. Modesitt, Nathaniel Huntington (at least he opened the first law office here), L. H. Scott opened the first store Jan. 1, 1818, and Melville D. Topping was the first fire chief in 1847.

Getting away from it all helps us clear our minds

T s JUL 1 4 1985

Clark, Dorothy

Historically speaking

Clark is Vigo County's official historian and formerly worked for The Terre Haute Tribune.

By Dorothy Clark
Special to The Tribune-Star

City dwellers feel stifled by city smog — air pollution caused by the congested traffic. It's torture to the driver trying to get out of the city to get caught in traffic jams when nothing moves except his rising blood pressure.

In the long lines of stagnant cars, inching along, oozing frustration, the driver feels like an idiot who should have chosen another escape route.

Finally, out on the open road in search of Mother Nature, annoyance with tourists begins.

There are tourists who drive slower than porcupines. Some are reading road maps and looking for the next rest stop. Belligerent truck drivers in a hurry to get to the next truck stop for some of "Mother's Home Cooking," cut in front with their monolithic machines.

Harrowing road experiences are forgotten when the national forest is reached and silence surrounds the city escapee. Little sounds make up that silence — the rustle of leaves, the humming of insects in the undergrowth, even the air itself has an electric quality. What's missing (but not missed) are the sounds of people and their machines.

The trees stand motionless, holding fast in the earth, yet alive with sap flowing up the branches into the clear blue sky. In the clearing among the tall trees it's as if one has entered a great cathedral, but only the birds furnish the music.

The rocks look down timelessly on whatever moves beneath them. They have seen buffalo, deer, wild animals, Indians with or without war paint, hunters, trappers, farmers, shepherds, woodcutters, road builders, foresters.

They have seen centuries of men and women walking through this wild country, changing it a little or a lot, and now lying buried some where beneath it.

The first human beings lived wild in the primeval forests. The trees have served and sheltered men, absorbing his poisons and pollution, warming his heart, renewing his soil, helping Mother Nature in countless ways.

Over the centuries the human race has quarried the stone and rearranged the rocks to build roads. Man has committed senseless butchery, murdering forests, burning majestic trees to clear land for a little patch of corn.

Some men have recognized these errors and are planting acres of trees in man-made forests to try and make amends. Some men haven't yet learned the lesson and continue to willfully and thoughtlessly exploit and abuse the trees. Mother Nature will probably take her revenge on his children and his children's children.

Since the beginning of history human beings have always been excited about digging something of great value out of the ground. The mere prospect drives normally sane men crazy.

Whether it's oil, diamonds, gold, coal, uranium or iron ore, people have visions of great wealth and become like animals. Greed for buried treasure is one of the principal causes of human progress, as well as human misery.

This greed is responsible for the discovery of America, for who knows how many wars. The quest for the unknown creates civilizations and destroys them. This fever has reached its highest pitch in many parts of the United States, where there has been so much buried treasure to seek and find.

Flying across the country at great speeds and greater heights makes the hardships of the pioneers in their slow-moving covered wagons and flatboats even more incredible.

These pioneers saw the wild country as we can only see it now in protected areas in state and national parks. Some stopped and stayed when they found a likely spot. Others kept on moving. Some bled into the rocky soil.

It's a good vacation that takes us out of our every day world and gives us something new to see, to think about — or just time and silence to think about our roots and what it's all about.

Community Affairs File

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TERRE HAUTE, INDIANA

If it's fall... heating stove

Clark, Dorothy G-3

Whole family involved in putting up

T/S Sept 27, 1987

Historically speaking

Clark retired as The Tribune-Star women's editor in 1980. She has written a local history column for 30 years. She is Vigo County Historian.

By Dorothy J. Clark
Special to The Tribune-Star

When the leaves begin to turn, and summer is officially over, this writer is reminded of the ordeal of readying the heating stove for yet another season. Even after central heating was installed, father was called on to help a neighbor put up his faithful "Family Comfort."

Readers who have never experienced the red glow of a hot fire seen through the little mica windows, and the pleasure of toasting first one side and then the other after getting chilled on a cold winter day, may not fully appreciate the memories of the parlor stove. A whiff of stove blacking brings it all back.

Since the invention of heating stoves, mankind has been tormented once a year by the difficulties of setting them up and fixing the stove pipes. Despite Yankee ingenuity and the patience of Job, the task had its special problems and vexations.

Men always seemed to choose a rainy day to put up the stove. Why, we don't know, but there were few exceptions to the rule. Since most fathers worked for a living, this meant their precious free time was taken up with a disagreeable chore. Old clothes were a must, because it was a dirty job at best, and the fun began.

If the stove was left in place during the summer, there was the task of taking down the pipe, cleaning out the bird nests, and replacing it. Then a trash paper fire was started to see if the chimney was clear.

However, most housewives insisted the stove be removed to the woodshed for the summer, and here the fun really began. Grasping one side of the bottom of the stove, neighbors and family members would take the other. The head of the house would guide the moving process. At least once, he would jam a thumb against a doorway and the air would turn blue with his suffering.

Strong backs wrestled the heavy iron stove into the parlor or sitting room. The stove board, a square of wood covered with metal, was carefully placed and the stove set squarely on this floor protector.

While everyone involved heaved a sigh of relief, the man of the house would invarably put his hand inside the flue on the chimney wall to see if it was clear (special metal discs had covered this opening since last spring) and get his fingers black with soot. Soon he would have black marks on his face, and the ceremony continued.

The next thing was to find the stove legs. Two usually were left inside the stove since last spring, but the other two must be hunted under the coal pile. While father held up one side of the stove, mother put two of the legs in place. Then he held up the other side while the other two were fixed, and one of the first two fell out. By the time the stove was on its legs, everyone took a break.

No matter how well the pipe was put up the year before, it was always found to be a little too short or too long. Jamming his hat down over his eyes, father would take a pipe under each arm and set off for the nearest tin shop to have it altered.

Arriving home, he would step up on one of the best parlor chairs to see if the pipe fit. When mother warned him about scratching the chair's varnish, he'd step down without looking and step on the cat.

Next he would get up on an old chair, only to find that in cutting off the pipe, the end was left too big for the chimney hole. So, he went to the woodshed and split one side of the pipe end with the axe, and squeezed it in his hand to make it smaller.

With the pipe adjusted to suit him, he found that the stove did not stand true. All would rally round to help move the stove to the left, and the legs would fall out again. Next, it was moved to the right with more leg difficulty.

When moved to the front a little, the elbow was not even with the chimney hole. After a trip to the woodshed for some little blocks to put under the legs, the pipe came out of the chimney. Mother worried about the elbow that kept tipping over, so he placed the old chair on top of the table and balanced himself to drive some nails into the ceiling. As she held on to the chair, he accidentally dropped the hammer on her head.

At last he got the nails driven to suit him, made a wire swing to hold the pipe, hammered a little here, a little there, took a long breath, and announced the job was done at last. The patient Job of the Bible never put up any heating stoves. If so, his reputation would have been ruined.

Mother's artistic talents took over the chore of blacking the stove, and the next cool evening, a fire was kindled and the coal buckets kept filled.

The "good old days" were not always as wonderful as we like to think, but memories are colored with people and places long gone.

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Anyone know about town's madstone?

Clark, Dorothy (H) [illegible]

Ts FEB 14 1988

Historically speaking

Clark retired as The Tribune-Star women's editor in 1980. She has written a local history column for 30 years. She is Vigo County Historian.

By Dorothy J. Clark
Special to The Tribune-Star

In 1940 Louis A. Warren, director of the Lincoln National Life Foundation in Fort Wayne, wrote to A.R. Markle, who was then local historian here, for information on the madstone owned by a Mrs. Taylor of Terre Haute. He was seeking any dependable evidence that Abraham Lincoln visited Terre Haute to have the madstone applied to his son, a tradition that some insisted was true.

Warren wanted to know when and where did Mrs. Taylor live? Was there any information about her?

The Boston Transcript of 1865 carried a story of a boy in Warren County, Ind., who was bitten by a mad dog and taken to Terre Haute to have the madstone applied.

The article went on to say that "on the first application the stone adhered to the wound for 14 hours. The patient had returned home being assured that he was out of danger."

Several listings of the name Taylor were found in Terre Haute's first city directory, published in 1858. After all, it was one of the most common names. R.A. Taylor was a carrier for the Union office (newspaper carrier?). All the others lived south of Main Street.

A letter postmarked 1940 from former Terre Hautean Frank Teel, of Cranford, N.J., to Max Ehrmann shed some light on the Taylor madstone. He had never heard of Lincoln's use of the stone for his son, but did have knowledge of it.

He recalled, "It was the property of a Mrs. Taylor (don't know her first name). I was acquainted with her and her two children, John and Katie. John later became a railroad man, fireman, I think, on one of our railroads. Katie first clerked in a store and then married a Terre Haute man, can't remember whom."

Teel told that "the Taylors (a widow) lived on the east side of Fifth Street between the Big Four and Elm Street. The stone was about the size and shape as this (here he drew a triangle about 1¼ by 1¼ by 1¼). It was supposed to be some kind of petrification. It was black (as coal) and porous and looked like a solid piece of black sponge.

"I saw it many times," he wrote, "when I came home from the Sandbar after a swim with John and the boys — most of the boys turned south before coming to Fifth Street. I came along with Johnnie as we both lived on Fifth Street. I lived just below the Wabash & Erie Canal on Fifth Street."

The city directories show that in 1858, H.H. Teel, a salesman for R. Ross, lived on Fifth at the corner of the canal. In 1864 Teel was listed as a pomologist and resided at 73 N. Fifth St.

By 1871-72, Henry H. Teel was selling life insurance, and still living at 73 N. Fifth St. He was the father of the letter writer, Frank Teel.

Teel's letter continued, "The way the madstone was used was it was first soaked in warm water and dried as well as possible — then applied to the bite and left on a time, then soaked in milk and repeated several times. If there was a green substance in the milk, you were supposed to be cured. If, however, there was no green virus, the dog was supposed to be NOT mad."

"I never believed in it myself," Teel wrote. "In those days mad dogs were a threat and many people suffered a terrible death from dog bites."

Teel explained that the reason he knew so much Terre Haute history was that since Henry Stakeman died, he believed he was the oldest living person left who was born and raised in Terre Haute. Teel was born April 14, 1855, making him 85 years old in 1940.

"Mrs. Taylor had no regular charge," Teel wrote, "but took whatever was given her from $2 to $10 generally. Once a rich St. Louis man brought his little daughter and 'cured' her. He was so glad he gave Mrs. Taylor $1,000."

Readers having any knowledge of Mrs. Taylor's madstone are invited to contact this writer.

Community Affairs File

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Uncle Sam

Nation's symbol had its start in New England

Ts SEP 1 1 1988

Clark, Dorothy

Historically speaking

Clark retired as The Tribune-Star women's editor in 1980. She has written a local history column for 30 years. She is Vigo County Historian.

By Dorothy J. Clark
Special to The Tribune-Star

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Affairs File

Yes, Virginia, there really was an Uncle Sam. If history is to be served, Sept. 16 should be celebrated as his birthday, and a statue or bronze plaque should be placed somewhere in what used to be West Cambridge, Mass., now Arlington.

Uncle Sam, the best-known symbol the United States ever produced, was born there in 1766, one of 11 children of Scotch-Irish parents. His father was a Minuteman at Lexington. As a boy, Sam hauled supplies for the patriots of the American Revolution. Sam Wilson was his real name.

It took a trademark on a beef barrel, a series of angry newspaper editorials and the imaginations of three generations of cartoonists to rig the debonair "coon-smart" old gentleman out in gaiters, top hat and square beard.

Scarce money and hunger, twin harbingers of Shay's Rebellion, caused the Wilson family to migrate to Mason, N.H., in 1780. They boy grew to manhood there, tall, lanky and strong as a young bullock.

At 21 he fell in love "above his station" with a daughter of Col. Benjamin Mann. So, to win a fortune and wife, he walked to western New York to the boom town of Troy.

In 1793, Sam had earned enough money to build a home — and propose. A year after their marriage he took the step that was to give the USA the unifying symbol it desperately needed.

Meat was as essential as bread to the westbound pioneer. Sam and his brother, Ebenezer, became the meat provisioners of the Hudson crossing. In 1805, Wilson Brothers' packing plant employed 100 men and processed 150 head of cattle a week.

Sam's personality was a telling factor in the success of his business. He was a large, well-proportioned, clean-shaven, tactful man, and extremely fond of jokes. Despite the fact that he was only 45 when the second war with England loomed over the Hudson headwaters, he already had the local nickname of "Uncle Sam."

Again, troops converged at Fort Crailo, the legendary birthplace of Yankee Doodle, and out on the drill grounds of Greenbush Hill. Most of them were in uniform, but they were the uniforms of states rather than the Union.

Elbert Anderson of New York City had the contract to provision the Greenbush troops. Samuel Wilson hurried down the river to visit him and came home with the sub-contract to furnish the Army's beef plus the title of "Inspector of Beef for the United States Troops." The corned beef, the contract read, would be packed in white oak kegs, each bearing the initials of Anderson as well as those of the central government — "EA-US." Soon, Wilson Brothers was processing 1,000 steers and bullocks a week.

A rookie, the story goes, ambled into the commissary tent one afternoon. Detailed to peel potatoes and put chunks of corned beef to soak, he "soldiered" beside the stacks of kegs, traced the burnt lettering with a thumb and drawled, "What's this here EA-US stuff we're eatin' on?"

A corporal spun on his heels and rasped, "EA means Eat Away, and the US, Uncle Sam Wilson's own initials to prove he's inspected it." The corporal was proud of his pun and repeated it around the mess hall. The rookie admitted it was "purty cute" and told his buddies. Uncle Sam's beef became common slang on Greenbush Hill.

The initials on the barrels and Wilson's name became as well known in the War of 1812 as the motto "Kilroy was here" during World War II.

The use of Uncle Sam as a simile for the U.S. government first appeared in New York City newspapers in 1813. Newspapers in Boston, Hartford and New Haven picked it up and began to apply it derisively against the Washington tyrants who prolonged the War of 1812. Their first cartoons of Uncle Sam showed a paunchy, bald-headed figure in frock coat who could have been Benjamin Franklin's twin.

By 1820, W. Faux, a French journalist, was reporting, "Almost all Americans are boys . . . In their eyes, Uncle Sam is a right slick, mighty fine, smart, big man." In 1825, federal employees in Washington told sightseers, "We work for Uncle Sam."

One story has it that Wilson showed up at a Fourth of July picnic in Woburn, Mass., about 1830 wearing red and white striped trousers, a blue vest sprinkled with white stars, a red and white striped coat and a tall hat. Sketches of him in this get-up appeared in newspapers of the time.

The Uncle Sam in the cartoons of 1845 looked amazingly like young Abe Lincoln — tall, hawk-nosed, with a brush of black hair. The gaiters, the stove-pipe hat, the square-cut beard were donned during the "yellow journalism" heydays of the Spanish-American War.

But Samuel Wilson was nearly forgotten until the legislation was first introduced to recognize him as the "Original Uncle Sam." At one time it was planned to make his grave at Troy, N.Y., a national shrine.

J Clark, Dorothy

Old crafts become new again

From flowers to woodworking, our ancestors created works copied by craftspeople toda·

Ts DEC 2 5 1988

Historically speaking

Clark retired as The Tribune-Star women's editor in 1980. She has written a local history column for 30 years. She is Vigo County Historian.

By Dorothy J. Clark
Special to The Tribune-Star

There is nothing new under the sun; just new people doing what their ancestors did before them. This theory holds true for the crafts our ancestors enjoyed, as compared with the handwork their descendants use to fill their free time.

The hobby of drying flowers was new when the Rev. Huber's article on drying flowers was published in the "Ladies Floral Cabinet" over a century ago.

Of course, European ladies had been doing it long before the craft was introduced in America. Huber's process required a cigar box, a few pounds of very fine sand, and a few ounces of stearin, the kind of tallow candle used by plumbers in those days.

Victorian handicrafters used the products of nature. They modeled flowers in wax or leather. They dyed grass, thistles or leaves. They crystallized them in saturated solutions of alum. It is not known who developed and sponsored this widely-practiced hobby of the 1860s.

A bumper crop of wax fruit was produced in mid-Victorian days. Epergnes piled high with delicately colored wax apples, grapes, oranges, lemons and peaches were displayed on buffets and dining tables.

Countless wax flowers bloomed in shadow boxes or under glass domes in the Victorian parlors between 1860 and 1880. Some were bought, but most were made by the ladies of the household during the long winter evenings while father read the paper or played dominoes with a neighborhood crony.

During the late 1860s, German archaeologist Heinrich Schliemann unearthed fragments of pottery on the site of ancient Troy. This publicity revived an interest in the decorative arts of the Greeks, Romans, Egyptians and Carthaginians.

The S.W. Tilton Co. of Boston, then one of the country's chief depots for the distribution of hobby materials, was quick to exploit this interest, especially among the young ladies of leisure who needed an outlet for their talents.

By special arrangements with Schliemann, the Tilton Co. began to manufacture what was called Alber Ware in several classical shapes of unglazed pottery suitable for home decoration.

Their catalog listed more than 130 different forms, from the famous Portland Vase and Etruscan mugs, to flasks from the Cesnola collection. Specimens of the new craft were shown at the Philadelphia Centennial and the new craft became a fad for the next 20 years. The occasional piece can still be found in the few remaining attics holding treasures of the 1860-1880 epoch.

Whittling requires only two tools, a knife and a whetstone to keep it sharp. American sculptors in wood have produced millions of gaily decorated pieces — children's toys, hunters' decoys, tavern signs, carousel figures, weathervanes, trade signs, and mantel decorations of ships in bottles. Specimens of this folk art bring staggering prices in today's antique market.

Leather craft of Victorian ladies which simulated handcarving on walnut, mahogany or rosewood during the late 1860s and 1870s was considered to be a new craft, but the British Museum has samples from Egypt that date back to 900 B.C.

English women of the 17th century busied their fingers with leathercraft, imitating clusters of round berries and flowers to decorate furniture, plaques and frames.

Victorian women adored fussy effects, so they revived the three-dimensional craft. Flowers, leaves, and grapes were made in the manner of waxwork.

Thin sheepskin, chamois, discarded kid gloves even, were used along with glue, sizing, gold paint, varnish, oil colors, tacks, wire and thread. Women made convincing bunches of grapes by simply glueing their skivers of leather over marbles, the seams

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skillfully hidden when the grapes were assembled into a bunch.

Some colored their flowers, stems and leaves with wood stain to make carved effects. Others gilded them, and a few painted them with red, blue or green. Colored specimens were more often used in shadow boxes to avoid the problem of dusting.

Other Early American crafts and hobbies included designing and stenciling your own wallpaper; applying Pennsylvania-Dutch decorations to furniture and china; painting china, glass and tinware; hand-printing fabric; and the still popular Swedish embroidery.

The hobby of woodworking always has been popular to some extent. When the hobby was at its peak in 1860-1870, the lumberyards stocked specially cut walnut boards ¼ to ⅛-inch thick to use with the newly invented fret or scroll saw.

In present times, the walnut-veneered, thin plywood is more easily sawed and far stronger than the thinly-sliced walnut boards used over a century ago.

If only present-day crafters would sign and date their efforts on the back or someplace where it could be found under close examination. This would help date the item and give some information about its maker.

What our ancestors made to enjoy now are precious antiques. What is made now will become the antiques of tomorrow.

Labors and neighbors

Building a cabin also became social affair

AUG 6 1989

Historically speaking

Clark retired as The Tribune-Star women's editor in 1980. She has written a local history column for 30 years. She is Vigo County Historian.

By Dorothy J. Clark
Special to The Tribune-Star

Last week's column told how a pioneer couple might have become man and wife according to Kentucky custom. This week, this same couple set to house-keeping.

A piece of land on one of the parent's land holdings was chosen for the new house. A day was set, as soon after the wedding as possible, if not before, and the work of building their log cabin began. The fatigue party of choppers began to fell trees and cut them into proper lengths.

A man with a team would haul them to the site and arrange them, properly assorted, at the sides and ends of the building. A man with the most talents of carpenter searched the woods for a proper tree for making clapboards for the roof. The tree has to be straight-grained and from 3- to 4-feet in diameter.

The boards were split four feet long, with a large frow, and as wide as the timber would allow. They were used without planing or shaving. Another division of labor was delegated to getting puncheons for the floor of the cabin. This was done by splitting trees about 18 inches in diameter, and hewing the faces of them with a broad axe. They were half the length of the floor they were intended to make.

The materials for the cabin were prepared on the first day, and sometimes the foundation was laid in the evening. The second day was the actual raising.

In the morning, the neighbors collected for the raising. First the four corner men were chosen. Their business was to notch and place the logs. The rest of the company furnished them with the timbers.

In the meantime, boards and puncheons were collected for the floor and roof, so that by the time the cabin was a few rounds high, the sleepers and floor began to be laid. The door was made by sawing or cutting the logs on one side so as to make an opening about three feet wide. This opening was secured by upright pieces of timber about three inches thick, through which holes were bored into the ends of the logs to pin them fast.

A similar opening, but wider, was made at the end for the chimney. This was built of logs and made large enough to admit a back and jambs of stone. At the square, two end logs projected a foot or 18 inches beyond the wall to receive the butting poles, as they were called, against which the ends of the first row of clapboards were supported.

The roof was formed by making the end logs shorter until a single log formed the comb of the roof. On these logs the clapboards were placed, the ranges of them lapping some distance over those next below them, and kept in their places by logs, placed at proper distances upon them.

The roof, and sometimes the floor, were finished on the same day as the raising. A third day was commonly spent by a few carpenters in leveling off the floor, making a clapboard door and table. Some three-legged stools were made also. Some pins stuck in the logs at the back of the house supported some clapboards which served for shelves for the table furniture.

A single fork, placed with its lower end in a hole in the floor, and the upper end fastened to a joist, served for a bedstead, by placing a pole in the fork with one end through a crack between the logs of the wall. This front pole was crossed by a shorter one within the fork, with its outer end through another crack. From the front pole, through a crack between the logs of the end of the house, the boards were put on which formed the bottom of the bed. Sometimes other poles were pinned to the fork a little distance above these, for the purpose of supporting the front and foot of the bed, while the walls were the supports of its back and head.

A few pegs around the walls for a display of the woman's coats, and the man's hunting shirts, and two small forks or buckhorns to a joist for the rifle and shot pouch, completed the carpenter work.

In the meantime, the masons were at work. With the heart pieces of the timber of which the clapboards were made, they made billets for chunking up the cracks between the logs of the cabin and chimney. A large bed of mortar was made for daubing up those cracks, and a few stones formed the back and jambs of the chimney.

After the cabin was finished, the house-warming ceremony took place, before the young couple was allowed to move into it. The house-warming was a dance that lasted all night, and guests included relations of the bride and groom, and their neighbors. On the day following the party, the young couple took possession of their new mansion.

At house-raisings, log-rollings, and harvest parties, everyone was expected to do his duty faithfully. A person who did not perform his share of labor was designated by the epithet of "Lawrence" or some other title still more insulting. When it came to be his turn to require like aid from his neighbors, the idler soon felt his punishment. They refused to answer his calls for assistance.

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Maple sugar time

Process of extracting sweet substance almost unchanged

Ts DEC 29 1991

Clark Dorothy

Historically speaking

Clark retired as The Tribune-Star's women's editor in 1980. She has written a local history column since 1956. She is Vigo County Historian.

By Dorothy J. Clark
Special to The Tribune-Star

I can always tell when the sap is running in the big maple trees out front because of the squirrels and blue jays. There's a flattened-out section of limb where the sap collects in a little puddle as fast as they drink it, so the word spreads, and excitement brings more wild birds to enjoy the sweet taste of spring to come.

More than a century ago, a maple sugar expert told how the maple tree is easily propagated, and is perhaps indigenous to Indiana. He advised landowners without maples to get a supply of seed and plant them in the fall in drills a foot apart, covering a half inch with soil, and mulching during the winter with leaves or straw.

He advised removing the mulch in spring and keeping the weeds out. The trees should be transplanted when 3 years old.

Readers who enjoy winter sports might try maple sugaring the old-fashioned way.

Back in 1868, it was customary to put up forks in the woods on which to hang kettles, draw a log up on each side, and gather up brush wood as needed for fuel.

If the sugar bush was small and wood was plentiful this would do, although you cannot make as good quality sugar as you can by evaporating in a pan. The distance of the woods from the house determined where the boiling would take place.

Other equipment needed in those days (and the method is little different more than a century later) was a wooden gathering tank, a storage tank and a sled or wagon.

Many believed iron kettles were poor boilers, wasted fuel, and made a darker colored sugar than pans. Tin buckets were believed better than wooden buckets as they did not sour and were easier to clean.

The proper time to tap is as soon as the sap runs, usually between Jan. 20 and March 1, but can vary several weeks each way.

The trees should be tapped on the south or east side, and run freely when freezing nights and bright days alternate, and the thermometer ranges from 36 degrees to 50 degrees during the day.

Some cut with a chisel or ax, some bore with an inch-auger, and some prefer using a bit. A quarter-inch hole will run just as fast as an inch hole.

Wooden spouts of pine or elder are the best, sharpened with a uniform taper, and very blunt, so as to drive only through the bark, as most of the sap flows in the grain nearest the bark, and decreases toward the heart.

A tree that contains 100 cubic feet of wood contains about 50 cubic feet of sap, not a twentieth part of which is drawn in the season. A hundred trees will usually make from 300 to 500 weight of sugar. Trees standing in the open, with large, bushy tops and short trunks, yield the most and best sap.

One pail full of sap will usually make about one-half pound of sugar, some more and some less. The sap must be gathered every day, and never allowed to stand more than one day.

The syrup should be boiled down so that it will drop from the edge of the dipper in broad flakes, like strained honey, when it is ready to dip out.

Strain it into a clean cask, and let stand 24 hours to settle. Then turn it off carefully from the settlings into the sugaring-off kettle. To each gallon of syrup add one well-beaten egg, place over a slow fire, and as soon as it boils up, remove it from the fire, and skim thoroughly.

The sugaring-off process boils the remainder of the water from the syrup. One of the ways to determine whether the sugar is done is to dip a wire hoop into the sugar and blow through it. If the sugar mixture ribbons out 5 feet or 6 feet, it is done.

Remove it from the fire, and if common sugar is desired, stir until cold. If cakes are preferred, stir a few minutes and dip into dishes or patty pans.

Patty maple sugar weighed 2 ounces each in 1868, and sold for $4 a hundred to storekeepers. Contrast this with present day prices for much smaller cakes, and the 1868 patties were a real bargain.

The total consumption of maple sugar in the United States after the Civil War was estimated to be 23,000 tons. Four times that amount was possible if more available trees were tapped.

If the farmer made 2 pounds to the tree, he would make expenses for buckets, etc., and be prepared for the next season with no expense, except his time, and it's at a season when he couldn't do anything that would pay better.

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TERRE HAUTE, INDIANA

(24) *Clark, Dorothy

City continues to bustle in spring

Ts APR 25 1993

One morning last week, just as our city was coming alive, I drove through town. Its pulse quickened as I drove along.

Resembling barn swallows, Indiana State University students were streaming out of their tall dormitories toward classrooms blocks away.

Workers who service our wheels of commerce were riding buses, but more were driving cars to their many places of employment.

Let's face it, old-timers, downtown Terre Haute is not what it used to be, but clerks still have to stock shelves, and bait the customers to buy merchandise.

Feeling very philosophical, I thought of all those people designing, shoveling, riveting and building more tall buildings.

And then there are those who are auditing, packing, shipping, conniving and consummating deals, performing the billion and one chores that keep us toiling in this overwhelming jungle until we are pensioned off to collect Social Security for a few years before they tumble us permanently into the ground with a few brief obsequies.

Shaking my head in self-reproach, I wondered why the cynical philosophy on this bright, cool, fresh-scented morning. And I hadn't even read the newspaper yet or listened to the early news on the car radio, an unfailing cause for pessimism, always confirming those appalling follies of which mankind is capable.

Bankers, insurance men, lawyers and even those who don't wear a business suit and tie to the office have their favorite coffee stops. I enjoy a pot of tea at several popular spots around town. It proves we all made it through another night, and we can be grateful for that all day.

Rumors are started, fomented or denied at all these little huddles. Like any other city its size, Terre Haute has always had its share of scandal to pass along and give the populace something to think about except taxes, the price of groceries, and whether the family car would hold out one more year.

Do people still take sulphur and molasses or sassafras tea to thin their blood? Probably.

The pagan festival of spring worship is conducted in countries all over the world. This is the sort of religion everyone can appreciate, and the spontaneous expression of the eternal hope of mankind of immortality by rebirth.

Had you ever thought, dear reader, that those things that stay green all winter, the pine trees and mosses and ivies, are accepted by us without question or interest, whereas we make a great fuss over those plants and flowers that betray us in the winter months?

Spring fever brings to mind a curious custom of 200 years ago. I read somewhere about a young girl who wanted to know whether or not she would marry her present sweetheart in the spring.

It seems she pinned five bay leaves to the four corners and center of her pillow before going to bed. If she dreamed of her sweetheart, it was supposed to be a sign that they would be married before the year was out.

To make it more sure, she would hardboil an egg, remove the yolk and fill the cavity with salt. Before she went to bed, she would eat the egg, shell and all, without speaking or drinking after it was choked down. If this thirsty gal survived the night, she deserved to dream of King Kong, no less!

There were other ways to determine true love. One custom told of writing names of sweethearts on bits of paper, rolling them up in clay, and dropping them in water. The first to float on the top was supposed to be the real "Mr. Right."

Older women get the urge to do spring house cleaning as well as spring fever, and the trick is not to have both ailments at the same time.

The prudent housewife of early days, in making her soap in the warm springtime, always stirred it "widdershins," that is, from east to west, with the course of the sun.

To stir the reverse of this was to destroy all the cleansing qualities of the soap. I wonder if the makers of Ivory and Dove and all the rest realize this?

I'm always reminded of this little poem when I think I have spring fever:

"Unless this feeling that I feel
So deeply is a gay deceiver,
I am afflicted with a real
Old-fashioned case of vernal fever."

Historically speaking

Clark retired as The Tribune-Star's women's editor in 1980. She has written a local history column since 1956. She is Vigo County Historian.

By Dorothy J. Clark
Special to The Tribune-Star

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* Clark, Dorothy (+)

65 years ago — a much simpler time

Ts MAY 09 1993

(28)

Historically speaking

Clark retired as the Tribune-Star's women's editor in 1980. She has written a local history column since 1956. She is Vigo County historian.

By Dorothy J. Clark
Special to the Tribune-Star

I'm sure many of my readers can remember the year 1928. It was only 65 years ago. They might enjoy being reminded of the many changes that have taken place. Younger readers won't remember, but they may be entertained, or even enlightened.

Sixty-five years ago, the world was without television, radar, computers, automatic transmissions, lasers, nuclear power, jet engines, antibiotics, nylons, artificial kidneys, color movies, molecular biology, transistors, power steering and contact lenses.

The world did without frozen dinners, aerosol spray cans, tubeless tires, plastic jugs, bikinis, blue eye shadow, rotary mowers, pre-sliced bakery bread, credit cards, plastic bags and many other articles we think we can not live without today.

Everyone was young in 1928, it seems now, and the world was full of a number of things. What sort of world was it?

Well it was a world of Coolidge prosperity. The stock market zoomed upward; on some days a million shares changed hands. Dollar bills were 20 percent larger in size than today's and went further.

Gasoline cost 14 cents a gallon, first-class postage was 2 cents an ounce. Direct-to-you tailors sold men's suits for $9.95. Lunch at "Joe's Place" cost 35 cents if you took soup and dessert.

There was a federal income tax, but it didn't affect the likes of us. The grocery bill for a family of five who lived pretty high on the hog averaged $60 a month. Most families had ice boxes, but a few well-heeled ones bought new-fangled refrigerators. Thousands of home furnaces were fueled with coal.

In November 1928, Hoover was elected president. King George V of England was thought to be dying of a lung infection. This was a bad time to suffer an infection. It was to be another year before Alexander Fleming discovered penicillin, and another dozen years before it became a drug.

Sports was a big business. The second Tunney-Dempsy fight in Philadelphia drew a gate of more than $2 million. The New York Yankees won the World Series as they had the year before. Babe Ruth failed to outdo his 1927 record of 60 home runs.

Golf was dominated by Bobby Jones, who for the sixth successive year won either the amateur or open championship and was accounted the greatest of all time.

Helen Wills captured the United States, British and French women's tennis championships. Gar Wood drove a power boat at 93.123 miles per hour. Knute Rockne died in the crash of a Fokker monoplane in Kansas. The entire football world mourned.

Marathon dances drew big crowds to auditoriums to watch couples stagger on their feet day after day until the last survivors won a prize. Shipwreck Kelly sat on a pole for 23 days and seven hours.

Society was changing, too. Girls dared to smoke in public and to wear skirtless, one-piece bathing suits. And the shameless cheek-to-cheek dancing! Most of the elders despaired over the younger generation.

Saxophones dominated dance bands. People hummed "My Time Is Your Time" and other tunes crooned through a megaphone by Rudy Vallee at $10,000 a week.

It was a low-fi era of 78 r.p.m. records played on hand-cranked phonographs. Hit songs of the day were "My Blue Heaven," "I'm Looking Over a Four-Leaf Clover," "Baby Face," "Louise" (popularized by young Maurice Chevalier), and Showboat tunes, "Bill," "Old Man River," "Why Do I Love You?" to mention a few that have endured.

Talking pictures — Jolson's "Mammy" and John Barrymore's "Sea Beast" — were novelties that some people believed would put the silent movies out of business. Theater musicians were confident that audiences would never put up with canned music. All movies were black and white, but Eastman Kodak was working on a process for tinting entire scenes in solid color.

Radio kept a lot of people up nights on the chance of hearing something, anything, from Havana or Cuba. Sports, news and entertainment habits were revolutionized.

Boake Carter, H.V. Kaltenborn, Floyd Gibbons and Lowell Thomas came on with the news. For music there was Ben Bernie (the old Maestro, yowsha!), Wayne King, hotel bands, the A&P Gypsies and Clicquot Club Eskimoes. Broadcasting studios were hung with heavy draperies to dull echoes. The word "electronics" did not get into our dictionaries until years later.

In 1928 the country was more than ever on wheels, with a fantastic 23 million motor cars in use. Two out of three families had a car. Ford finally unveiled the long-awaited Model A, to face competition from a new car, the Plymouth.

Outside of cities, not many roads were paved. There were no freeways, turnpikes or throughways. Gravel and gumbo were the rule. The usual village speed limit was 15 miles per hour, and all highways passed through many villages.

Despite the fact the year 2058 is only 65 years away — as far ahead as 1928 is in the past — it will be a world as strange to us as our time (1993) would be to the Pilgrims.

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Valley heritage

(25) * Clark, Dorothy (D) * [redacted]

Pneumatic tire: A pain 100 years ago

15 MAY 30 1993

Kind and helpful readers send me all sorts of ideas for future columns, amusing bits of history, local puzzles, questions and answers to questions I've asked.

Today's column will share a couple of these with readers, and maybe they'll be inspired to send me more, and so it goes.

How about the pneumatic tire? It was invented a century ago — 1891 for bicycles, 1892 for automobiles.

The pneumatic tire is a hollow tube filled with wind. It is fastened to the wheel with the aid of bolts, nuts, screws, cable wires, hooks and glue. It makes riding easier, and also is a great promoter of walking.

The tire is made by the rubber trust out of gossamer silk, spiders' webs and butterflies' wings. It is, therefore, no trick at all to poke a hole in it with a nail, a rock or a bottle. When this is done, the imprisoned air at once rushes forth and mingles with the surrounding atmosphere so thoroughly that it is almost impossible to get it back intact.

This occurrence is called a puncture. A bad puncture is accompanied by a loud hissing rush of air on the part of both the tire and the owner.

The latter, to fix the tire, must remove it with the aid of levers, crowbars, screw drivers, derricks and blasting powder, and must put a patch on the inner tube.

It is, while persuading the tire to get back on the rim and become fat and useful again, that the automobilist uses the rich, redolent words that proper wives and kiddies should not hear.

Auto tires not only had punctures, but blowouts. A blowout was a $45 explosion with apoplexy trimmings.

Tires also have creeps, skids, burns, blisters, slow leaks and necrosis of the fabric. Any one of these disorders will strand a $5,000 touring car full of $6,700,000 worth of prominent citizens 15 miles from lunch.

In fact, an auto tire is as unhealthy as an imported pup, and the man who had to watch over four of them generally was too busy to pay much attention to politics.

The genius who invents an auto with only one tire will ascend to fame and riches in a large magnificent spiral.

Tires frequently show almost superhuman intelligence. A chauffeur may get hopelessly lost, but a tire always knows the exact spot on every road that is farthest from a repair shop or a lunch counter, and does its exploding there.

Moreover, tires are excellent judges of time. A tire will stand sound and healthy in a garage for three weeks, waiting until the owner has started for the place in a great hurry to take a ride. Then it will burst with care and thoroughness.

Auto tires have made people rich and happy, but not for long. Sooner or later, every man who sells auto tires buys an auto himself!

☆ ☆ ☆

A reader tells me he remembers street cars, but was happy to see them replaced with buses.

There were several reasons to do this. Street cars were noisy and required a larger street area. The bus picked up passengers at the curb, but you had to walk to the middle of the street, often in the rain, to catch the street car. Upkeep on street cars was said to be higher than on buses. (Note: I have no figures on that, but liked both.)

Terre Haute changed from street cars to buses on June 3, 1939. How do I know this bit of trivia? It was my wedding day, and most people can remember that date, agree?

Grown men still grin when they think about the pennies they used to place on the street car tracks at Eighth and Maple. There wasn't any turnaround there, so the conductor just switched ends. As I recall, he could run the street car from either end.

Sometimes the trolley to the over-the-street electric cable would slip off, and the conductor would have to get out and reset it. There was a rope hanging from the trolley that let him do that. Street cars weren't as comfortable as bus seats, and street cars swayed a lot.

In the early 1920s, street cars had a lot of competition from jitneys, which were a sort of bus-like car that didn't have regular schedules and whose route took it where ever passengers wanted to go, more or less. Jitney fare cost a nickel, so folks started calling a nickel a "jitney." Jitneys were outlawed by some cities. Other places they just faded away when people got used to regular buses or got their own "Tin Lizzies."

This may be why you haven't seen many around lately. Street cars and jitneys and Tin Lizzies, that is.

Historically speaking

Clark retired as the Tribune-Star's women's editor in 1980. She has written a local history column since 1956. She is Vigo County historian.

By Dorothy J. Clark
Special to the Tribune-Star

Forest depletion lasting concern

New book sheds light on depth of an old problem

Ts JAN 0 6 1991 Clark, Dorothy

Historically speaking

Clark retired as The Tribune-Star women's editor in 1980. She has written a local history column for 30 years. She is Vigo County Historian.

By Dorothy J. Clark
Special to The Tribune-Star

Over the years I've received a plethora of books of all sizes, shapes, hardbound, paperback and on every subject imaginable.

I expect books on all phases of history and genealogy, and read them all with much interest. I review them for this column which as been appearing since April 1956, and the Genealogy column which has been appearing since 1978.

Some of the books are used in teaching my classes for the non-credit program at Indiana State University each spring and fall. When a newly published book furnishes more knowledge on a subject related to my major interests, I try to fit in a review.

I've learned that Garden Way Publishing/Storey Communications of Pownal, Vt., has some very special offerings. A witty look at the history and science of trees is found in "Red Oaks & Black Birches," written by Rebecca Rupp, Ph.D., who holds degrees in cell biography and biochemistry from George Washington University, and this is her second book. The first was entitled, "Blue Corn & Square Tomatoes." She has written numerous magazine articles.

Her new book is in paperback at $10.95 plus $2.95 postage and handling and is available at many bookstores and from the publisher at P.O. Box 445, Schoolhouse Road, Pownal, Vt. 05261.

According to the author, rapidly disappearing forests are making headlines worldwide, but today few people realize that forest depletion was worrying North Americans 200 years ago. The first European settlers found vast virgin forests so thick they were called "black forests" by nervous pioneers.

Ax-happy settlers, surrounded by what looked like limitless wood — 400,000 square miles of trees in the East — were prolific in their use of trees. A farmhouse with two fireplaces could burn an acre of forest a year (30 to 40 cords) just to keep warm.

New England alone consumed perhaps 260 million cords of fire wood between 1630 and 1800.

By the 1790s, so much original forest was gone that a perceptive few were urging the creation of forest preserves. Such prophets were right, but ineffectual. Today, less than 2,000 square miles remain of forests so great that the very smell of them carried many miles out to sea.

Nowadays, 34 percent of the United States is forested and 45 percent of Canada is forest. This is still a significant number of trees, yet most of us know relatively little about these ubiquitous plants that provide one-third of the world with its fuel — and all of the world with such necessities as oxygen, rain, newspapers and lumber.

The uniqueness of the book lies in Rupp's fresh, tongue-in-cheek writing style and the scope of the information covered — offbeat facts are packed into every chapter alongside the more orthodox material.

While we're on the subject of the great outdoors, how about Don Geary's new book, "Woodworking Projects for the Great Outdoors!"

This 144-page, large-size paperback outlines in great detail, with pictures, plans and measurements, 42 complete step-by-step projects for campers, hunters, boaters, gardeners, anglers, walkers and photographers.

Do you need a camp kitchen, dog kennel, or garden storage shed? "Build it yourself," is the advice of Don Geary.

This book gives instructions for an owl nesting box (and other kinds of birdhouses, feeders, etc.), a canoe box and seat, planter boxes, orchard ladder, bike rack and boot scraper.

Also, gun racks and cabinets, outdoor archery range, indoor BB gun range, live-bait box, floating dock, patio deck, picnic table, whirligig, walking stick and raised-bed garden, to mention only a few of the projects.

The 144-page book sells for $10.95 plus postage and handling from the address giving above.

A few tidbits from "Red Oaks & Black Birches":

- Elm survives for centuries underwater. Elm water pipes laid underground in London in 1613 were still sound 300 years later.
- Approximately 1,200 species of trees are scattered among an estimated 150 different forest types in North America.
- Forty million trees a year are harvested for Christmas trees, but growers are keeping pace by planting 80 million trees annually.
- Lightning hits oak trees more often than any other.
- According to legend, the first foreign view of the towering coast redwoods took place in 218 B.C., when a Chinese mariner, thrown off course by a cockroach wedged beneath the ship's compass, inadvertently arrived in California in his trading junk.
- The maple is the state tree of four states. New York, Vermont and Wisconsin claim the sugar maple; and Rhode Island claims an unspecified general purpose maple.

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*Clark, Dorothy

Responses sought: see below

When did 'Old Blue Eyes' come to Terre Haute?

T S MAY 1 2 1991

There was a time, not so long ago as history reckons time, when Terre Haute was "Sin City" and known for two things — quickie divorces (because of an early state law) and its reputation as a wide-open river town full of booze, gambling and wild, wild women.

Prohibition didn't slow it down much. It just made it a speakeasy town and a crossroads for moonshine and other illegal types of alcohol coming down from Canada. Local stills hid out in the backwoods countryside around "Terry-Hut." Terre Haute was used as a swapping place and storage depot.

Terre Haute was always a major trading center. Its growth depended on the surrounding area (and still does).

Shopping malls in all directions attract buyers (and lookers) as much for buying as for entertainment. Malls provide entertainment for the young people to scuff around in funky shoes and skin-tights and to show off dirty knees and bare buttocks through the ragged holes carefully torn in their jeans.

The older generation sits on the hard benches in the malls while they pick their teeth and moan about the younger generation.

What do high school kids do these days, where there's no established "red-light" district to titillate their imagination as their grandparents' idea of fun was to slowly drive the family car through the near north side on date nights to see the "sights?"

☆ ☆ ☆

Does anyone remember seeing Frank Sinatra at the Indiana Theater some time between 1938 and 1942 when he was the lead singer for one of the big bands that played there?

☆ ☆ ☆

When I appealed for information about the whereabouts of early Grange Halls in the area, Helen Poole reported the Marion Grange School in Vigo County, about a mile or two west of Clay County on the Lower Bloomington Road, was conducted in the downstairs part of the old Grange Hall.

The two-story building east of the airport on Poplar Street was used as a school downstairs and the Grange meeting hall upstairs. In later years, the upper floor was removed and the structure was remodeled into a private residence.

The remains of the oldest and largest gum tree in the area is still there.

☆ ☆ ☆

I'm still trying to locate information on the antique Sellers "Hoosier" two-piece oak kitchen cabinet made in Elnora. The years of manufacture range from 1910 to 1940, according to information received. The Model No. 605 is found on both sections. It has the flour sifter, metal work surface, and storage for pots and pans below. Can anyone give any more information on these sturdy antiques?

☆ ☆ ☆

A kind reader called to tell me he found a marriage record of 1821 in Jackson County for 18-year-old Jesse Powell and 15-year-old Mary House (or Housh) of the north edge of Washington County.

These ancestors jumped around from county to county, adding Greene and Daviess counties to their list before settling down with their large family.

Pioneer ancestors remind me of the modern saying, "Sure, God loves men. She gave them women."

☆ ☆ ☆

Does anyone know where the houseplant "Whitmani" fern can be found? They sound like my kind of greenery — minimum care and maximum enjoyment. The Whitmani fern was mentioned several times in a recent mystery novel I was reading, and is new to me.

☆ ☆ ☆

Karl Schwenke's new book, "Successful Samll-Scale Farming: An Organic Approach," was published by Storey Communications Inc. Beautifully illustrated with black and white line drawings, the book is fascinating to read, even by someone who's strictly a city person.

It's written for the growing number of *new* farmers (a social category unheard of in this country since the mid-19th century) who are migrating to farm country. It emphasizes the care of soil and the growing of plants. "Farmering is a curious kind of occupation," says the author, ". . . we all know what we mean when we say 'farmer.' "

This man with a pitchfork has been called the backbone of the nation, or "the salt of the earth," etc. Writing the book has burned these stereotypical images out of his mind. Today he sees the farmer as a newcomer, a man (or woman) of urban background who wants to grow food for other people, for reasons that he has not yet been able to sort out. Inexperienced, but willing, he waits for winter to end, the ground to thaw, the chance to begin anew.

It is to this farmer that this book is addressed. First copyrighted in 1979, this second edition is updated for the 1990s. Available where quality books are sold in paperback, it sells for $10.95, but can be ordered directly from Storey Publishing, P.O. Box 445, Schoolhouse Road, Pownal, Vt. 05261. Add $2.75 for postage and handling.

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Land of milk and honey?

Early travel journals boosted immigration to U.S.

T's JUL 21 1991

— Lindley's reprint compilation of "Indiana as Seen by Early Travelers" omitted Scotsman Chambers' Journal of Edinburgh, Scotland, written in 1834. I found Chambers' journal fascinating reading.

"The southern front of this fine state, on the borders of the Ohio River, is skirted with the usual belt of river hills, bluffs and knobs," wrote Chambers. He noted the redbud and dogwood trees and the beautiful May apples.

He told how the prairies north of the Wabash "are large, level, fertile plains, broader than can be measured by the eyes, intersected by streams whose borders are marked by belts of timber. Every traveler has spoken with admiration of the beauty and fertility of the prairies along the course of the Wabash, particularly those in the vicinity of Fort Harrison. . . ."

Chambers explained that the Indiana soil was too rich to grow wheat until it was "impoverished to a sufficient extent by cropping in other products. . . ."

He believed that "emigrants could not desire a better country than may be found in Indiana." He estimated the possible inland navigation in 1834 not less than 5,000 miles in the state.

Chambers told how British emigrants came here with their pockets full of money, using a large part of it to improve and beautify the land in British style. Such improvement didn't yield adequate returns, even after a sale. The price of labor was high; the value of the practice was low.

The English country estate has many varieties of flowering and fruit trees. He noted how one British man spent a fortune on his Indiana estate importing fine peach, pear and apple trees, only to end up feeding them to his hogs. Chambers deplored such unthinking waste of effort, money and time.

He also noted that the British man did not find a gentleman in his neighborhood to associate with — he didn't feel at home with the people and he disliked their mode of life, which was different from what he was accustomed. He missed his old neighbors.

Chambers believed a British person could "come to this country at the age of 30 or 35, with manners not entirely formed, with a sum as 700 or 800 pounds. He could have maintained his family well, given his children excellent education, and could have become a country gentleman, Chambers thought.

"It is for persons of this description and for merchants and laborers that the United States holds out inducements not to be found elsewhere; but the rich, the luxurious, the man of letter or of refined habits should never in existing circumstances, think of crossing the Atlantic with a view of bettering himself by permanent residence in the United States.

"Finally," said the writer, "Indiana corn is the staple food for horses and cattle through the winter, for fattening swine, and is the sole article for bread in thousands of families, many preferring it to the finest wheat.

"A poor man with a cabin and cornfield may thus support a family in wholesome provisions, especially if he has two or three cows and some hogs, which cost little or nothing for keeping and furnish a relishing dish of bacon to the ordinary fare of the backwoods."

He noted the "want of well-educated medical men in the western part of America." In 1834 Indiana was still considered the western part of the United States.

"This I had before observed, and I am convinced there are very many eligible openings. They should get a small population in one of the increasing towns, and, if capable of enduring fatigue, there is no doubt of their success."

And so it was in Indiana more than 150 years ago, when the entire population of the state was about 400,000.

The small travel journals were responsible for bringing untold numbers of immigrants to this country, and to Indiana if the readers heeded the words of Chambers, the canny Scotsman.

Unfortunately, many believed everything they read, and believed America was the promised land flowing with milk and honey. Ambitious, hard-headed men have always been able to make their way wherever they land, while others kept on the move, to yet another location that would fulfill their dream of fame and fortune with little or no effort.

Historically speaking

Clark retired as The Tribune-Star's women's editor in 1980. She has written a local history column since 1956. She is Vigo County Historian.

By Dorothy J. Clark
Special to The Tribune-Star

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Superstition still lurks in our hearts

Ts JUN 07 1992

Historically speaking

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It seems a little absurd that in the 20th century there still lurks in most of us a remnant of the superstitions of our pagan ancestors.

Although we know that whenever superstitions remain with us they are directly related to the beliefs of our ancestors, many of us still wish when see we see a new moon, try to catch a falling leaf before it reaches the ground and feel lucky when we find a four-leaf clover.

Many people still watch the birds to learn first-hand what the feathered weather forecasters have in store for us.

Beekeepers keep alive the beliefs that claim a bee sting will avert or cure rheumatism or arthritis, that to buy or sell bees is unlucky, and that bees must be told of important happenings in the family, especially births and deaths, or they will fly away. According to an old legend, at midnight on Christmas Eve, the bees in their hives hum the "Jubilate Deo" to honor Christ's birth.

Because of its importance both in battle and agriculture, the horse has been considered by many as a sacred animal. Even mock hobby-horses appeared in early May Day ceremonies.

Some say it's lucky to meet a white horse, others that it is unlucky. I can remember as a child of "stamping" my fist in my other hand whenever I saw a white horse. Without horses drawing milk delivery wagons, grocery wagons, ice wagons and such, a modern child never will experience those superstitions.

Do children still play the old game of never stepping on a crack in the sidewalk? Our neighborhood group would take the familiar route to the nearby grocery or drugstore and play the "step on a crack, break your mother's back" game.

Sidewalk blocks with the cement company's stamp in one corner also were a "no-no" requiring fancy footwork to avoid stepping in those blocks. Mother probably wondered why it always took so long for a child to run a simple errand.

Many people collect horse brasses, trying to find the full set of 19 or 20. The handsome horse brasses were more than mere ornaments. They were intended as charms to protect the horse against evil, and were in the traditional shapes such as the sun, the new moon, a wheel, a swastika, a winged globe and so on.

Since the full set would be too heavy for the horse to wear, only one or two would be worn for protection, and the remainder would be displayed in the stable.

Now, collectors hang them proudly around fireplace mantels and know little about their good luck qualities for horses.

Visitors to Terre Haute in its early village days always remarked how sweetly the town smelled because of all the blooming honey locust trees planted along our streets.

This was while the pork-packing plants, the tallow candle factories, and other odiferous industries were spewing out their fumes along the Wabash River. Those little tree blossoms must have been powerfully perfumed, or the wind was blowing from the east to combat all that.

Instead of complaining about town odors, maybe we should plant lots of honey locust trees? It's a positive approach to a problem we've only now come to do something about.

Goodness knows we've lost so many old trees along our tree rows recently. It's a much needed Arbor Day project. When did anyone last hear of Arbor Day? Probably school children still plant trees, but they could use more help.

Speaking of children, there must be something more for them to do during summer vacation than make noise, hang out at the swimming pool, flirt with death on a skate board and ruin their hearing with loud canned music.

Whatever happened to sitting on concrete porch steps and quietly playing jacks with a rubber ball? If you want more skill, try a golf ball. I have a large glass pickle jar filled with marbles I won from the boys on my first day at school. (My father taught me how to play. He should have had a son.) I keep those beautiful glassies, etc., to prove to everyone who comes to my office that I "still have all my marbles."

I remember one summer when I received a set of golf clubs for my birthday. Dad was kind enough to supervise the planning of a miniature golf course all around the yard, around the house, even the tree row. The holes were dug and clean soup cans inserted. Neighborhood kids flocked to our yard to participate, and probably our arithmetic improved with all the adding of scores.

How long has it been since you've seen someone playing croquet? That's quiet fun, unless the players are rowdy boys.

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Community Affairs File

Veggies have historical value

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Historically Speaking

By Dorothy Clark
Special to the Tribune-Star

The Native Americans learned there were many ways to use wild fruit, berries and plants of all kinds. They passed this information on to the pioneer settlers, along with their saying, "Look first for the berries and then the bear, when bear hunting."

Plants were used raw or cooked as pot-herbs, vegetables, potatoes, sugar, syrup, vinegar, tea, coffee, nectar, chocolate, flour, nuts and seeds. The ashes of sunflowers, hickory bark and coltsfoot were used for salt.

Smartweed leaves and the dried and powdered roots of Jack-in-the-Pulpit were used as pepper. The inner bark of red osier dogwood was a substitute for tobacco. Bounding Bet and yucca produced soap. Scouring rush was a good scouring pad. A good seasoning was prepared from wild ginger, onions and Jack-in-the-Pulpit.

I learned just how old some of our fruits and veggies are from an old "History of England" printed in 1850. It told how all sorts of little-known fruits and flowers were brought into England during the reigns of Henry VII and Henry VIII from about 1500 to 1588.

The mask and damask roses, tulips, several sorts of plum trees and currant plants were introduced during this time.

Gardening was introduced to England from the Netherlands where all vegetables were imported until 1509. Musk melons and apricots were cultivated in England very early.

Henry VIII's gardener was the first to plant apricots in 1540. He also was credited with the pale gooseberry, with salads, garden roots, cabbages, etc., which he brought from Flanders, along with hops from Artois in 1520. Several sorts of plums were brought in from Italy. The tamarisk came from Germany.

Cherry trees were first planted in Britain in 100 B.C., but some were brought from Flanders and planted at Kent in 1540. Grapes were first planted in 1552, but cider, called wine, was made in 1284. Woad, a blue dye, also came from France. Beans, peas and salads in common use in 1850 were first imported in 1660.

Potatoes were first brought to England from America by Hawkins in 1563, and from there to Ireland by Sir Walter Raleigh in 1586. Turkeys came to England in 1523.

Hemp and flax were first planted in 1533. Chocolate was introduced into England from Mexico in 1520, and coffee came into England in 1641.

Basic items such as beer and bread were mentioned. Bread was first made with yeast in England about 1650. Ale was invented in 1404 B.C. Beer was introduced in 1492; in Scotland as early as 1482. By a statute of James I, one full quart of the best beer or ale was to be sold for one penny; two quarts of small beer for one penny.

The frankfurter, alias the hot dog, is by far the most popular American sausage product. It makes up more than 30 percent of the national sausage total.

The hot dog came to America in the early 1880s from Germany where the name was, and still is, not frankfurters but "warme Wurstchen" — warm little sausages.

They became popular at Chicago in 1893 on the midway at the World's Columbian Exposition, where they competed against Sousa's band and the hoochy-coochey vibrations of Little Egypt under the name of "red-hots." The barkers would bellow: "See them roasting! See them toasting! Gitcha raid-hots!"

The dog concept came later, inspired by the red-hots' alleged resemblance to a dachshund's torso. It achieved folklore status thanks largely to T.A. Dorgan, the wonderful Hearst cartoonist who signed himself "Tad." For years, in his syndicated cartoons he drew sausages that growled, woofed, barked and even exchanged dialogue.

In these days of convenience foods, frozen dinners, freeze-dried products, etc., it's difficult to realize that our pioneer ancestors even had to make their own vinegar.

For every 10 gallons of rainwater, the pioneer would take one gallon of whiskey, one gallon of common molasses, and two sheets of foolscap paper, put them in a large crock or container in the sun or by the kitchen stove for seven weeks. The vinegar "mother" would attach itself to the paper and could be reused.

If the pioneer wanted to make blackberry wine, he would put one quart of boiling water to one gallon blackberries and let stand for 36 hours. Then he would strain and add three pounds of white sugar to one gallon syrup, put it in vessels, tie a piece of thin muslin over till it "quit singing" and then cook and let stand until October when it was fit for use.

There was also an old pioneer saying – "Look first for the bear, when hunting berries!"

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